Newport Mercury.

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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: $2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—Andrew S. Meikle, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays. 12, '10

ADMIRAL THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays. Commander, Charles Boldt; Adjutant, Marshall W. Ball. 2, '12

KENWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—Sidney D. Harvey, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays. 12, '10

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P., Sir Knight Captain P. A. C. Stuart; J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets first Fridays. 2, '11

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 28, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lack, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays

I. J. JOSEPHSON LODGE, President, Jos. Daniels; Treasurer, Daniel Rosen; meets 1st and 3d Sundays.

Local Matters.

Convention at the Beach.

July 10th next has been selected as a tentative date for a big political gathering in Newport, at which Colonel Roosevelt and other Progressive leaders will address a big meeting. The affair will be national in its scope and will mean the gathering of a big convention here. There will be really two parts to the meeting, one political purely, and the other non-political.

At noon Colonel Roosevelt will make a public address on the Work of the Navy, and the Development of Narragansett Bay. This will be absolutely free from politics and will be an interesting speech on naval affairs, particularly as concerns Newport. At the conclusion of this address the dining room and convention hall will be the scene of a big dinner for members of the Progressive party, at which speeches will be made of a political nature. It is expected that about 4500 people will be seated at one time. Colonel Roosevelt will address this meeting and there will also be prominent party leaders from all over the country, including Senator Beveridge of Indiana.

Plans are now being worked out to have an enormous meeting and many of the big men of the party are being sought. Col. Roosevelt has already accepted positively, and there is no doubt but that there will be others of equal prominence. The date has not been definitely fixed, but it will be some time during the week following the Fourth of July.

Hon. George von L. Meyer, Secretary of the Navy, has proved himself to be one of Newport's best friends. Last summer Secretary Meyer followed the recommendations of many noted naval officers and made a thorough examination of Narragansett Bay, with the result that he unhesitatingly selected its waters as a Northern base for the great Atlantic Fleet. He recently directed the return of the fleet to Narragansett Bay in the near future and its stay will be of longer duration than last summer. This is an object that has been sought for years by the most prominent officers of the navy, including Rear Admiral Luce, known throughout the world as the Father of the War College, who has really been the leader in the great fight for the development of the Bay. Some day his efforts will be rewarded by the construction of the great naval station here.

The body of Mr. John J. Watson of Jamestown, who died near India while enjoying a trip around the world, has arrived in Jamestown, and funeral services will be held on Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Watson, who was accompanying her husband on the trip, brought the body back to this country, being met in New York by Mr. and Mrs. John J. Watson, Jr.

The attempt to start another board of trade, in opposition to the one recently incorporated, does not seem to be making much progress.

The thermometer registered a temperature of 14 above zero Friday morning. It was the coldest night of the winter thus far.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular monthly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Tuesday evening when there was considerable business transacted, in addition to regular routine matters. Monthly bills were approved and ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

Board of Health	$1,151.53
City Asylum	433.63
Overseers of the poor	464.57
Fire Department	1,672.06
Highways	1,019.41
Police	869.25
Parks	68.66
Schools	643.82
Schools, Ellen Townsend Fund	146.50
Various public offices	700.77
Street lights	3,253.58
Statistical department	177.25
Hospitals	870.50
Cemeteries	68.25
Dog Fund	72.00
Elections	54.66
Touro funds	83.40
	$10,611.00

Plumbers licenses were granted to a number of applicants, on recommendation of the plumbing examiners. City Engineer William H. Lawton was granted leave of absence for a month, in order to take a trip to Panama. It was voted to ask the committee of 25 to make an appropriation of $1000 to provide floats and landing places for the men of the Atlantic fleet.

City Engineer Lawton then showed his plan for improvements at the Beach and explained it in detail. The board walk will be continued 950 feet to the east, leaving a space of 60 feet at the creek, which will be the only driveway on the Beach. The plans for the walk, the retaining wall, and the granolithic sidewalk at the entrance were approved.

Architect Joseph G. Stevens 2nd then talked over the plans for the convention hall, and was engaged to prepare the plans and specifications. There was an informal talk about a number of the details of planning and construction and the board will make thorough study of the plans again when they are completed.

At the meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening the business transacted was mostly of a routine nature, weekly bills and payrolls being approved and ordered paid. Considerable interest was taken in the appointment of a new sergeant and three new patrolmen for the police force, this increase having been authorized by the representative council. There had been some lively campaigning for the positions, and in consequence Mayor MacLeod submitted the applicants to a mental and physical examination. He announced Thursday evening that he would appoint William H. Wilcox as sergeant, and James J. Palmer, William A. Bliven and William A. Cooney as patrolmen. The appointments were confirmed by the board.

A resolution was passed authorizing the city treasurer to contract with the First National Bank of Boston for handling the $30,000 playground bonds. The claim of Michele Maselli for damages for a sewer backing up was considered and the petitioner was given leave to withdraw. The resignation of Andrew K. McMahon as coroner was received and accepted.

Bids were opened for printing and binding the City Manuals for 1913 in accordance with the specifications, and the contract was awarded to the MERCURY Publishing Company, the lowest bidders. There was some discussion about providing a dumping ground in the southern section of the city, but no action was taken.

Drowned at Dutch Island.

Jack Silvia, 18 years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Silvia of Jamestown, former residents of Middletown, was drowned from a dory off Dutch Island on Tuesday afternoon. He was out in a power dory with two other young men of about his own age, and his death was the result of a number of circumstances. The gasoline supply grew low as the boat neared the shore, and the men had to sit in a certain part of the boat so that the last gasoline in the bottom of the tank might flow into the carburetor by gravity. In this position Silvia fell overboard while attempting to steer with a boathook, and his companions jumped to aid him with the result that the trim of the boat was changed, the flow of gasoline stopped, and the engine was stalled. They threw a life buoy to him, and did everything in their power to aid him, but without avail.

Quite a delegation from Newport County attended the dinner at Squantum, tendered by Col. Samuel Pomeroy Colt last Monday in honor of his brother, Judge LeBaron B. Colt, who has been elected United States Senator. An excellent dinner was served in the beautiful quarters of the Squantum Club, and a general social time was enjoyed.

Mr. Charls Brandon Booth, general secretary the Volunteer Prison League, will speak at the First Baptist Church at the morning and evening services to-morrow. Mr. Booth is a powerful speaker, and his work in the Prison League has given him a subject of absorbing interest.

Licenses Granted.

The license commissioners have this week disposed of a batch of applications for additional liquor licenses which have given them more or less trouble for several weeks. There were 11 applications for retail licenses, two for wholesale, and four for club licenses, and all the applicants were anxious for favorable action. Several open meetings were held, at which opportunity was given for remonstrances, and there was plenty of action. The most heated discussion was over the license for the Beach House on Bath road, for which there were several applicants. Several of these men were represented by attorneys and at the session of the board on Monday evening, there were some lively discussions between the lawyers. After all had had a chance to talk, the board went into executive session, and at its completion announced that they had taken action as follows:

LICENSES GRANTED.

Wholesale.

Baxter, Winslow, 28 North Commercial wharf.

Retail.

Jordan, J. V., 9 Catherine street.
Connolly, Michael, 8 West Pelham street.
Toomey, Joseph, 31 Bath road.

Clubs.

Hatchet Club, 825 Thames street.
Protective Club, 3 McAllister street.
Chief Petty Officers' Club, 2 Washington square.

Transfer, Wholesale.

F. P. Garrettson Co., 16-20 Washington square, to William J. Creaney Company, same address.

APPLICATIONS REFUSED.

Wholesale.

Condon, John J., 65 Long wharf.

Retail.

Messing, Joseph, 31 Bath road.
Ferraris, Sylvester, 31 Bath road.
Lee, Edward F., 101 Thames street.
Atwater, John C., 3 West Broadway.
Scott, Thaddeus, 12 Collins street.
Cummings & Bellaris, 128½ and 130 Thames street.
Sullivan & Morris, 47 West Broadway.
Lowney, John, 442 Thames street.

Clubs.

Naval Club, 237 Thames street.

Atlantic Fleet Coming.

It is probable that during the coming summer Newport will see more of the ships and men of the Atlantic fleet than they did last summer, when there was an unusual large number of ships in the harbor. This year the fleet will be kept near the Bay as much as possible, most of the drilling and manoeuvering being off this coast instead of down the Massachusetts coast as in former years.

The fleet will start north in early April and after a time in the various shipyards for spring overhauling the vessels will begin to assemble in Narragansett Bay. It is believed that by early May there will be a number of the big vessels here, and from that time until the late fall there will be ships here at all times. Post means of course that there will be many men ashore and business should be good among those dealers who handle such goods as appeal to the men.

There will be four divisions of the big battleships, besides a large number of destroyers and auxiliary craft. Unless the government secures its addition to the Government Landing before that time, it will apparently be up to the city to secure landing places for the men, the same as last year.

Timely Discovery of Fire.

There was a fire in Spurling's second hand store at the building on the corner of West Broadway and Caleb Earle street Wednesday noon, and but for the timely discovery of the blaze a bad fire would have resulted. The store was located in the large wooden building owned by Canonchet Lodge of Odd Fellows and adjoins other large wooden buildings, so that if the fire had once gotten out of hand it would have swept the entire block. Luckily the fire occurred in the day time, when there were many persons passing the corner, and it was discovered in time to prevent serious damage.

It was just about one o'clock Wednesday noon that a man rushed up to the No. 4 engine house and pulled the box there. The Four's reel was the first apparatus on the scene and quickly had a line on the fire. The whole inside of the store was then blazing fiercely and the flames had begun to lick around the jets on the outside. A very few minutes' work with a few streams of water seemed to quench their ardor however, and it was all over but chopping around for stray sparks that might have worked inside the partitions. The neighbors who were first on the scene thought that the whole big building was doomed.

Colonel Andrew K. McMahon has tendered to Mayor MacLeod his resignation as coroner of the city of Newport, an office that he has held for six years. He thinks it is now time that a younger man should have a chance.

Additions to Villas.

There will be many improvements to some of the finest of Newport's summer cottages before the opening of another season, and the indications are that most of the houses will be opened for the summer. Of course the rental season has not opened as yet, although there were several rentals made last fall, but the preparations being made by owners to occupy their own property gives early indication of a good season. Some houses that have not been occupied for a number of years will be opened this year and will be the scene of lavish entertainments.

Mr. and Mrs. William Payne Thompson are planning to spend the summer in Newport, and will occupy the Atherton Blight estate on Bellevue avenue. A new piazza will be added and an addition will be built to the main hall.

Mrs. E. H. G. Slater plans to come to Newport early in July to occupy her handsome estate on the Cliff, "Hopedene." She will erect a large two story addition, in semi-circular form, which will give more room for the drawing room and the ball room. Work will be begun at once.

Extensive improvements are also under way at the estates of Mrs. French Vanderbilt, Stuart Duncan, Stuyvesant Fish, and Maraden J. Perry. Many of the cottagers are planning for an early arrival this summer, and among the first comers will be Commodore and Mrs. Arthur Curtiss James, who plan to reach Newport in early April.

Superior Court.

Monday was motion day in the Superior Court, Judge Stearns presiding. Receivers were appointed for two Newport corporations, there being no remonstrance against the action in either case. Lewis L. Simmons was made receiver of the Arctic Ice Company, vacating the assignment made to Thomas E. Sherman, and the assignee was directed to turn over all books, papers, etc., of the company. Bond was fixed at $10,000 with the American Surety Company as trustee.

Application was also made for a receiver for the Shepley Construction Company, on application of William Shepley. The petition was granted and William MacLeod was named as receiver with bond at $2500.

In the case of Island Savings Bank vs. William R. Dodge et al., a balance on hand of $284.20 was ordered paid to Max Levy as receiver. Walter Luttgen, trustee under the will of George Tiffany, applied to the court for instructions as to paying over certain property, and asked that his account be approved and he be discharged. The case was held under consideration.

A number of other cases went over to the March motion day for assignment or for argument on motions.

The Newport Historical Society has recently issued two Bulletins, each containing an historical article of unusual interest. The January Bulletin contained the article read by Mrs. Sarah K. Birckhead on "Governor William Coddington," and contained a portrait of the first Governor. The February Bulletin was a special number, and contained Mrs. French E. Chadwick's article on "The Visit of General Washington to Newport in 1781," illustrated with a map showing his route to Newport and return. Both were printed at the MERCURY Office.

There was an incipient fire in the stables of the Newport Transfer Company on Marsh street early Tuesday morning. The blaze was in the hay, and was discovered by railroad men in its early stages and was easily handled by the fire department in response to an alarm from box 123. The cause of the fire is not known, but the express people say that everything was all right when the stable was closed in the evening.

Last Wednesday marked the beginning of Lent, and special services are now being held in the Episcopal and Catholic Churches. Easter comes this year on March 23, which is the earliest date that it could come. It will not seem much like Easter if the weather is as wintry as it usually is at that time.

The length of the day is now increasing rapidly. To-morrow the sun will rise at 6.50 and will not set until 5.09, making the day's length 10.19, an increase of 1.15 over the shortest day. The days are now of the same length as on the first of November.

The public schools resume their summer hours on Monday next, the afternoon sessions beginning at two and closing at the usual time. This seems to augur the coming of spring.

The inauguration of Woodrow Wilson as President of the United States is less than one month away. Quite a number of Newporters are planning to go to Washington at that time.

Dr. William Bordick of Baltimore has been in the city this week.

A Little Winter.

February is no fool. Thus far the month has given us the only taste of winter that we have had, and it has been decidedly unpleasant. All over the country the ice men are beginning to be hopeful that they may yet cut at least a small supply of ice, but in Newport it looks uncertain even yet. Some of the ponds are skimmed over, and a few nights of cold weather would make the ice form rather fast, but at this time of year the chances of continued cold weather are very uncertain.

About all kinds of weather have been accorded us in the few days of February that have passed. Monday was raw, although not cold, and it tried to snow at spells but soon developed into a cold rain. At night the snow began again with rather more success than during the daylight hours so that the street railroads ran their plows out during the night. This was more a precautionary measure, for fear the snow might increase, as the total fall was not great and the street cars had no difficulty in running on scheduled time the next morning.

Tuesday was clear and cool, with the temperature hovering a little below 30, and going down a little further by night. Wednesday was still cool, and soon after dark the temperature fell to about 20 and hung there steadily during the night. This is a good point for making ice, if the surface of the water is skimmed over, and a few more nights of that degree of cold would bring good skating at least. The wind has not been troublesome, and although 20 seems pretty cold for this mild winter, there has been no suffering. Last year at this time, whenever the temperature rose as high as 20, we thought that summer must be at hand.

Recent Deaths.

Dr. H. Goodwin MacKaye.

The news of the death of Dr. Henry Goodwin MacKaye last Sunday afternoon, came as a shock to his many friends, many of whom did not realize that his condition was serious, although he had been ill for some time. He had been confined to his house for about two months, and of late his health had failed steadily. The end came, at his residence in Middletown, on Sunday afternoon.

Dr. MacKaye was a descendant of a family that had played an important part in Rhode Island history, being a great grandson of Asher Robbins, who was at one time United States Senator from Rhode Island. Dr. MacKaye was born in New York in 1857, and was graduated from Harvard University in 1878 and from Harvard Medical School in 1883. He came to Newport and engaged in the practice of medicine in 1885. He was for several years a medical examiner for Newport County, and succeeded the late Dr. Turner as city physician for a short time. He had been a member of the Newport Hospital medical staff for about twenty years. He was a member of a number of the leading medical societies, and had a high standing in his chosen profession.

Dr. MacKaye is survived by a widow, who was a daughter of the late William Bailey of Middletown, and three daughters.

Wedding Bells.

Rowland—Burdick.

Miss Catherine Stevens Burdick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Burdick, was united in marriage on Tuesday afternoon to Dr. Edward Gould Rowland of Oakfield, Maine, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Emery H. Porter, D. D., at the residence of the bride's parents on Division street.

The bride's gown was of white charmeuse, trimmed with Point de Milan lace, and she carried a shower bouquet of roses and sweet peas. She entered the room on the arm of her father who gave her away. Mrs. John Foster of Brooklyn was the matron of honor, and Miss May Street and Miss Elizabeth Ayer of New York were the bridesmaids, with Miss Katherine Adams, a niece of the bride, as flower girl. Mr. William E. Gould of Brookline was the best man.

Following the ceremony there was an informal reception, after which Dr. and Mrs. Rowland left on their wedding trip. They will make their future home at Oakfield, Maine, where Dr. Rowland is engaged in the practice of medicine.

The contract for the big fireproof building of Armour & Co., to be erected on Long wharf, has been placed with Thomas F. Keeher, and the structure will be pushed through rapidly, so as to have it ready for use by June 1st if possible. The building will be two stories in height, and will be of re-inforced concrete with brick outside and tiles inside. It will be thoroughly modern and sanitary in every respect.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING.

A special service of thanksgiving as prepared by the Board of Missions of New York was presented at the church of the Holy Cross on Sunday afternoon. The rector, Rev. F. W. Goodman delivered an instructive address upon David Livingstone, the one hundredth anniversary of whose birth comes in March. As this church has supported a scholarship at Cape Mount, Africa in memory of Carolyn Clark, wife of the late Bishop Clark, for the past 30 years, the offering taken was for this purpose. Rev. Mr. Goodman left immediately after the service for Newport where he gave an illustrated lecture upon Alaska at Trinity Guild House. Mr. Goodman took many pictures and views while doing missionary work at Point Hope, Alaska last year and a large number of these have been prepared for the stereopticon and will be used at intervals with the lectures which he proposes to give to aid missionary work.

SUPPER AND SOCIAL.

A largely attended supper and social was held Wednesday evening at the Methodist Episcopal Church under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society. Following the New England supper two business meetings were held. One by the men to arrange for the annual turkey supper which will occur February 20th, and the other by the cabinet officers of the Epworth League to plan for a valentine social for next Wednesday at the church parlors. The remainder of the evening was devoted to vocal and instrumental music by the ladies' trio, Mrs. Ida M. Brown, Mrs. Wells, and Mrs. John P. Peckham, and by various games.

A SURPRISE PARTY.

Mr. Harold R. Savage of Newport, being invited Tuesday for the evening by his mother, Mrs. William M. Hughes, was surprised by the sudden appearance of a party of 25 young friends who came with refreshments to assist in the celebration of his 21st birthday. The affair was planned by Mr. John Marshall, Jr., and his sister, Miss Alice Marshall. Music and games were followed by an oyster supper and speech making. Prominent during the supper was an elaborate birthday cake with 21 candles. Among the gifts presented to Mr. Savage was a purse from Mr. Hughes which contained a sum of money from the guests.

FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Mrs. Edward E. Wells entertained the Women's Foreign Missionary Society at the Methodist parsonage on Tuesday afternoon at its February meeting. The president, Mrs. Fred Smith, conducted the meeting. An unusual amount of business was transacted. It was voted to contribute $18 toward the expenses of the general society for 1913 as well as each member paying a small sum towards a deficit of last year. A missionary box is to be sent at Easter time. The afternoon's program was devoted to the subject, "The Educational Revolution in China."

TUBERCULOSIS DEMONSTRATION.

Mr. Wallace Hatch, secretary of the Rhode Island Anti Tuberculosis Association, with the local secretary, Mrs. E. A. Peckham, who is also a member of the School Board, will visit the six schools of the town on Tuesday next, when Mr. Hatch will give a brief talk upon public health, charts will also be exhibited. That evening, at the town hall at 8 o'clock Mr. Hatch will give an illustrated lecture along the same lines which will be open to the public. Mr. William Clarence Peckham, vice president of the local committee will preside.

The Oliphant Club, which has been the recipient recently of a finely illustrated book upon "Peace—Friendship—Commerce," from John Barrett, Director General of the Pan American Union at Washington, D. C., took this subject for its program last week. The meeting was held at Holy Cross Guild House and was conducted by the president.

A stormy day and evening seriously hindered the attendance at the supper given Monday evening at Holy Cross Guild House by Col. William Barton Chapter, D. A. R. An excellent menu was served under the management of Mrs. Lilia Greenman, chairman of the ways and means committee.

Mr. Edward E. Peckham, who with his wife is at Eustis, Florida, for the winter, and who is very popular on the Island, has been receiving a postal shower through the week for his birthday which is Friday.

As a forerunner of Lent Rev. John B. Dimon presented an address Sunday morning upon "Prayer—Fasting—and Alms-giving" at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel. A service was held at 10.30 on Ash Wednesday.

The travelling has been pretty icy for three days and there has been fair sleighing part of the time. One blacksmith, Mr. James Taber, sharpened 20 horses on Wednesday.

The choir Guild of St. Mary's Church was entertained at an all day meeting at the home of Mrs. I. Lincoln Sherman on Thursday.

An evening service was held at the Church of the Holy Cross on Ash Wednesday.

There was a meeting of the local machinists' union in MERCURY Hall on Tuesday evening, for the purpose of receiving a visit from the vice president of the grand lodge, P. J. Conlon. Mr. Conlon explained the situation in Washington, in regard to the new rules at the Torpedo Station here, and he expressed his belief that the matter would be straightened out satisfactorily.

Rear Admiral and Mrs. Cameron McRae Winslow are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, who was born at the Cleveland cottage in this city last Saturday.

SHENANDOAH

By
HENRY TYRRELL

Founded on
BRONSON HOWARD'S
Great Play

A Stirring Story of Military Adventure and of a Strange Wartime Wooing

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CHAPTER XV.

"It's Only a Battle!"

"COLONEL WEST," said the general, "we must get Lieutenant Bedloe in exchange at any sacrifice if he is still alive. Let's see—why, there is Colonel Robert Ellingham, our prisoner. We might offer him in exchange if he would go."

"Surely! Bob will go in a minute; I know he will. I will find him and ride to the front with him myself, general."

"At once, then! Can you follow the dispatch, Captain Lockwood?"

"Perfectly, general. Everything is here in the book."

"11—22—1—12!" shouted the signalman.

"'General Longstreet is coming!'"

"Longstreet! I feared that."

"1—21—3!"

"'With 18,000 men.'"

"Longstreet with his corps!"

"2—22—11—1—12—1."

"'We will crush Sheridan's army.'"

"Aha!" cried General Haverill, stirred to deadly energy. "Now, men, signal that dispatch up the valley to our own station. Tell them to send couriers and catch Sheridan with it at Front Royal. They must catch him, so that he can hasten back with the cavalry. Major Burton, order our horses. We will ride to General Wright's headquarters at once."

General Haverill, while awaiting the horses, watched Captain Lockwood and his men lighting pine wood torches attached to long poles to flash their signals up the valley. Another minute and Barket returned with Robert Ellingham, the two supporting between them Kerchival West, white faced and with his coat thrown open, a crimson stain on his shirt front.

"There, Bob, I'll be all right now," he was murmuring faintly. "It's only the loss of blood that upset me. I got a scratch of the knife, that's all."

"Go for a surgeon, somebody," said Colonel Ellingham as they helped Kerchival to the seat. "The fellow has knifed him. But they've got the wretch!"

Corporal Dunn and his guard dragged in Edward Thornton for the second time that day.

"We were leaving the house together," explained Ellingham, "when this wild beast sprang out upon us from the bushes."

"This is murder, not war!" exclaimed General Haverill, turning to Thornton, who, in his shirt sleeves, torn and disheveled, looked a fearsome picture of diabolical malice. "If you have killed him"—

"Oh, do what you like with me. My account is settled," retorted Thornton, watching with an evil smile as Ellingham handed to General Haverill a wallet and a miniature case, saying:

"I took these from Kerchival's breast pocket when he fell."

"My wife's portrait!" muttered the general, with an involuntary gesture of despair.

"You recognize the precious keepsake, general?" sneered Thornton. "So, you see, if I have killed him, your honor will be buried in the same grave."

Gertrude Ellingham ran out from the house. She had come to bid her brother Robert goodby. She saw him

"I love you! I have loved you all the time!"

now in the lurid glare of the pine knots, bending over the prostrate form of the wounded Union officer.

"Robert!" she cried. "I heard them calling for a surgeon. Who is hurt? You are safe, aren't you—ah, Kerchival!" With a scream she fell on her knees by his side, uttering wild, tender words as she stroked the dark hair from his pallid forehead.

"Oh, Kerchival, dear, I never meant those bitter words I said to you. Forget them and forgive me, won't you? Do you hear me? I love you! I have loved you all the time!"

General Haverill heard no more. He did not look around as Thornton was hustled away in irons, but sprang into his saddle and dashed off down the black road after the staff officers, who at his own impatient order had preceded him.

The night of Oct. 18 was full of inquietude and alarms for the inmates of Belle Bosquet. A Federal guard was posted there, and Barket served as courier. Neither Jenny nor Madeline West would think now of going on to Winchester, with Kerchival West in a precarious condition and the fate of Captain Heartsease still uncertain. General Haverill did not return to the house, but joined General Buckthorn at the front, where, it was understood, General Wright was making every possible preparation pending the return of Sheridan, for guarding against and resisting an attack upon his right, which was the only point at which he apprehended immediate trouble.

Before daybreak on the morning of the 19th Madeline and Gertrude, who occupied a room together, were awak-

"You love me?"

ened by firing in the distance up the valley to the southward. Jenny Buckthorn, in an adjoining chamber, heard their voices and joined them for companionship and sympathy. Alas, what a changed, subdued Jenny within the last twenty-four hours!

The girls dressed hurriedly in silence and came downstairs. Already Kerchival West, haggard and excited looking, was pacing the veranda like a caged animal. Barket had been down to the pike for reconnoissance and now came back with startling news.

"It's a battle, sure!" he said. "An' Sheridan away, the divil only knows where. Begob, they must have attacked by surprise before the screech o' dawn, judgin' from"—

"Who has attacked? Who is surprised?" demanded Kerchival with furious impatience.

"The inimy has attacked us, sor, an', what's more, they seem to be drivin' things before 'em. By the direction of the firin' it should be our left flank they have pounced upon instead of the right, where they were daclintly expected. Sure, thim rebels have no politeness nohow"—

"Do you mean to say our troops are falling back?"

"Well, sor, I did hear some cavalry gallopin' down the pike, but whether it was ours or theirs or only Mosby's gorillas, that I can't tell yez."

"Then I'll go and find out for myself!" Kerchival cried fiercely, making a move into the hallway for his hat. The sudden exertion proved too much for him, and he sank into a chair, clutching with one hand at his breast.

"Hark! There is the firing again, worse than ever, and it is coming nearer," said Gertrude, unconscious of a certain exultation in her tone. "If General Longstreet only has—I mean, if really he"—

"He can never drive General Sheridan back—of that I am certain," spoke up Madeline with unwonted spirit.

"Let us go—oh, pardon me, Gertrude—ladies—I beg," said Kerchival, starting up, then at once seating himself again.

But they all had risen, as impatient as he was, and hurried out.

Kerchival and Gertrude took the path up the elevation to where the big cottonwood tree overlooked the valley. Jenny and Madeline lingered on the veranda.

"Go on, go on!" muttered Kerchival, instinctively feeling for his sword and looking loweringly in the direction from which came the roar of the guns. "I fight to a finish and have it over. Keep the battle to yourselves. I'm out of it."

"Kerchival," said Gertrude, "your sister Madeline says that now she must pray for the man she loves, enemy or no enemy."

"And she is right. Anything else would be worse than treason. I can't pray. Can you, Gertrude?"

"Yes. Ah, Kerchival!"

He leaned against the tree, his hand clutching at his breast again.

"Your wound! Let me call the surgeon, Kerchival."

"Wound! I have no wound to bother about now. You love me?"

"Look! There are soldiers running through the woods. Oh, what shall we do?"

The firing, very close now, was faster and more furious than ever. It seemed to have given Kerchival West new breath of life.

"Never mind that!" he cried deliriously. "It's only a battle! Say that you love me!"

"Be quiet, Kerchival, dear. I do love you. I said so last night before every one, only you didn't hear me. I said the same thing at Charleston when first we met. And some one I told wrote it in a letter—that letter which General Buckthorn gave you and told you not to read unless I became unruly. I am not unruly, am I, dear?"

"No, my precious girl! Nothing can separate us now. That letter"—he searched in his pockets, but could not find it. "Ah, I remember! They must have taken it when I was laid out by Thornton's dagger. And—a miniature I had—that's gone too!"

Josephus Orangeblossom on a mule without saddle dashed up from the direction of the pike, shouting:

"Miss Gertrude, Marse Bob he done got a gyard aroun' dis house, but 'tain't no use now, for de Yanks is runnin' away. We's got 'em licked, missy; we sho' has!"

"Begob, the naygur's right," confirmed Sergeant Barket. "The grayback divils have sprung up out of the ground. They're pourin' over our lift flank like Noah's own flood. Our camp is wiped out, an' they've got our guns an' wagons an' wounded an' prisoners, an' the whole Union army is a-skittin' to beat it down the pike for Winchester, worse luck! Colonel West, yonder is your own regiment in full retreat!"

"My regiment!" roared Kerchival, jumping up. "Great God, no! Get my horse, Barket! I'll stop that pr"—

"Yer harse, is it? Hooroo! I'm wid yr. colonel! There's a row at Flanegan's ball, an' we're goin' to be in it!"

"Kerchival," pleaded Gertrude, throwing her arms around him, "you must not go! You may be dying!"

"Dying nothing! I'm all right now, Gertrude, my life! My regiment won't retreat any farther unless it retreats over my dead body!"

"Here's yer horse, colonel! Now give me that mule, ye black contraband naygur!" called Barket, wild with joy, to the rolling eyed Josephus.

"Goodby, Gertrude, darling! Tell Madeline! Pray for us!"

And two flying figures hurled themselves down the hillside into the roaring maelstrom of battle that filled the valley.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Tell how I died, not how I lived."

BUT before the events of the preceding chapter—before the avowal of Kerchival's love and his dash into the battle—had ensued a scene which threatened to change several lives, a scene which made West's rash deed rank insubordination against his commanding officer.

Bright and early the morning after the exciting combination of events at Belle Bosquet—the reading of the signals, the exchange of Colonel Robert Ellingham for the wounded Lieutenant Bedloe and the murderous attack of Captain Edward Thornton of the Confederate secret service upon Colonel Kerchival West—a turmoil of action manifested itself in the Union regimental camp at that point. As a result of the night's conference of Gen-

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Wartime Photograph of General George A. Custer.

erals Buckthorn and Haverill with General Wright Colonel West's regiment had been ordered to the front.

"Ah, Haverill," said General Buckthorn as that officer came out on the veranda, "maybe Sheridan is right, after all. The reconnoissances this morning show no hostile force on our right, and Crook reports that Early is retreating up the valley. But General Wright is making some changes in our line this afternoon, and in the meantime I want to warn you to order General McCuen to go into camp on the right of Meadow brook, with the Second division. Jenny, girl, don't bother me about Heartsease now. Order the Third brigade of cavalry, under Colonel Lowell, to occupy the left of the pike. We'd better hold Custer on the second line, at Old Forge road, until further instructions. That is all for the present. Goodby, Jenny, my darling. General, I bid you good day."

General Haverill, who had carefully written the foregoing orders in his notebook, watched General Buckthorn off, then asked Jenny as she re-entered the house if she would send Gertrude to him.

"Gertrude, my child," he said with unwonted gravity, "the surgeons tell me that Kerchival West will get on well enough if he remains quiet; otherwise not."

"That is what is worrying me, general," Gertrude replied. "Colonel West insists upon preparing to join his regiment at the front. I hope you will order him to remain here—compel him to be prudent."

"He should not look for the honor of death on the field under present circumstances," muttered the general, with peculiar significance.

"What do you mean, sir?" inquired Gertrude uneasily.

"You have a right to ask me that as your father's old friend, once your own guardian. Gertrude, child, you have a warm, true heart. I could not bear to see your happiness destroyed through very loyalty to your heart's affection. Listen. Last night I saw you kneeling beside Kerchival West, speaking to him, ministering to him with all the tender passion of a southern woman. You told him that you loved him. But those fateful words fell upon unconscious ears. Tell me, has he ever heard those words from your own lips? Have you ever confessed your love to him before?"

"Never—since you ask me. But why, General Haverill, do you ask?"

"Never mind. Only do not repeat it. Keep your heart to yourself, my girl."

"But, general, at a moment like this, when his life"—

"Leave that to me—hush!"

The voice of Colonel West himself, heard outside, giving orders to a sergeant to get his horse ready, silenced them. He then came up in full uniform and wearing his sword and saluted. His face was pale, but he presented a brave front.

"Are there any orders, general, for my regiment," he asked, "beyond those given to Major Williams in my absence this morning? I am going to the front to resume my command."

"It is my wish, colonel, that you remain here under the surgeon's care," said the general quietly.

"Oh, my wound is a mere trifle. I could not rest here. I must be with my men at this perhaps critical moment in the campaign."

"I have told you my wish is to the contrary," repeated General Haverill.

Kerchival knew only too well that ominous, quiet reserve. He knew the inflexibility of that proud, intolerant mood. He could not wholly fathom its cause, but a troublesome recollection suddenly occurred to him.

"General," he said, with grieved earnestness after looking around to see that Gertrude had silently withdrawn, "I was unable to keep my appointment with you last night for an unforeseen reason, which you know. I am ready and willing to explain certain matters, as you requested me to do yesterday. But meanwhile a crisis has developed, and whatever there may be between us personally you are now in the position of interfering with my duty and my privilege as a soldier. It is my right to be at the head of my regiment so long as I am physically able."

"You have my positive order, sir!"

"Then I protest!"

"You are under arrest, sir!" said the general without changing his tone.

Kerchival started as if he had been shot. Then in a deliberate, dazed way he unclasped his belt and offered his sword.

"No; keep your sword. I have no desire to humiliate you," the general continued in a low voice. "But you will hold yourself subject to further orders from me."

With these inexorable words he turned away, while Kerchival, as if suddenly a sick man again, started to reenter the house. He met Gertrude at the door, all gentleness and commiseration.

"Did you hear what the general said?" he asked feebly.

"No matter what he said or what any one says now, Kerchival," was her impulsive response. "You have my perfect faith—there! Now you must go to your room and rest until the surgeon comes again."

He obeyed in silence. What words could he find?

Looking out from her window a few minutes later, Gertrude was startled to see a number of men emerging from the woods by the path leading up from the ford. Then she perceived that they were Confederate soldiers under a flag of truce, following an escort of Union troops and carrying some burden. It proved to be a stretcher, on which lay the unconscious form of a young man, evidently a wounded Federal officer. A surgeon walked beside the stretcher, giving directions to the bearers, who rested a short distance from the veranda steps. Gertrude ran to the door, followed by Madeline West and Jenny Buckthorn. Sergeant Barket also stood, wonder struck, on a sort of improvised sentry guard.

"I am Major Hardwick of the Confederate service," said the surgeon, hat in hand and losing no time. "Is General Haverill here?"

"He left but a moment ago"—

"He's just after mounting his horse," put in Barket, "an' I can cut across an' stop him for yez."

"Please say to him that we come from Colonel Robert Ellingham, who instructed me to bring this young officer in exchange for himself, as agreed upon between them last evening."

"Is he unconscious or sleeping, sir?" asked Gertrude, looking with tender solicitude upon the pallid face on the rude rustic litter.

"He is between life and death, I fear. The removal has been too much for him, yet it seemed for the best under the circumstances. He was so anxious—ah, he is waking! Here we are, my boy," placing his canteen to the lips of poor Lieutenant Bedloe, for he it was in such grievous plight. "We have reached the end of our journey."

"My father"— gasped Frank.

"He is thinking of his home," said Major Hardwick.

"I have obeyed General Haverill's orders," murmured the young man faintly, "and I have a report to make."

"He will be here in a moment," answered Gertrude.

"Is not this—Miss Gertrude Ellingham?" he asked, looking wistfully into her face.

"Yes, yes! You have seen me before?"

"Long ago. You know Mrs. Haverill, the general's wife?"

"She is one of my dearest friends on earth."

"Then you can give her a message for me, to my poor little wife. She will know. Will the general be here soon? I—somehow I feel that I have not much time left. Doctor, my notebook!"

The surgeon took the notebook from an inner pocket, and at the same time a blood stained handkerchief fell out. The dying soldier saw it and with an effort said:

"Ah, yes; a message from Captain Heartsease. He was by my side—he had a Confederate uniform—so they didn't send him back with me."

Gertrude, kneeling by his side, took the handkerchief and silently handed it to Jenny Buckthorn, who turned suddenly pale as she saw it, then hid her face in her hands and hastened away.

Still General Haverill did not arrive.

"Please write!" Frank whispered to Gertrude. "To—my wife—Edith. Tell our little son, when he is old enough to know, how his father died, not how he lived. And tell her who was a mother to me that my father's portrait of her, which she gave to me in Charleston, helped me to be a better man. And—don't forget to tell them—I haven't it with me now—it was taken away from me while I was a

"Tell our little son how his father died."

prisoner in Richmond by Captain Edward Thornton—Confederate secret service. Let—me—sign—that"—

Gertrude, with tears streaming down her cheeks, held the poor boy's hand while he made a feeble scrawl on the page, then fell back lifeless. The surgeon gently laid the fold of the blanket over his face. He was dead.

"Present arms! Carry arms!" commanded the officer of the Federal guard as General Haverill came up, returning the salute as he passed.

"Am I too late?" he asked.

"I'm sorry, general," replied the Confederate surgeon. "His one thought, as we brought him through the lines, was to see you before he passed away."

"Poor boy—brave boy," muttered the general, turning back the fold of the blanket a moment to gaze upon the calm, sleeping face. "I am in the place of your father today. We will carry him to his comrades at the front. He shall have a soldier's burial in the shadow of the mountain where he sacrificed his young life in the purest valor of patriotism. Yonder mountain shall be his monument."

The Confederate soldiers stood in embarrassed silence for a little space. Then Major Hardwick said:

"Pardon me, general. We Virginians are your enemies—in the field. But you cannot mourn or honor this gallant young soldier more than we do. If you will allow us the privilege, now that we are here, we will carry him and accompany you to his last resting place."

General Haverill bowed his assent in recognition of the touching tribute. Then, with bared head, he knelt on the ground beside the bier for a minute or two in profound silence. Rising again, with his old military mask of stolid self possession and with reversed sword, he made a sign to the officer of the Federal guard.

"Left face! Forward—march!" commanded the lieutenant. The Confederate soldiers again gently lifted their burden, and the pitiful cortege moved off slowly in the direction of the lengthening shadow of Three Top mountain.

Not a man in the whole army would have ventured a word to General Haverill, either at that moment or later, when he wrote a dispatch to the government, which was carried throughout the length and breadth of the land and enrolled in deathless history. And the name he wrote was that of "Lieutenant Frank Bedloe."

"The movement upon which our immediate hopes of success in this campaign are founded," he declared, "would have been impossible without the bravery and sacrifice of this young officer. His name must take its place forever on the roll of fame which his countrymen are proud to honor."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Didn't Want Any.

Swigsby came downstairs to a 10 o'clock breakfast with a vacant countenance and a backward tendency in his hair that made his eyes ache. He sat down at the table and, picking up his fork, glared in uneasy wonder at something on the plate before him. It had evidently been fried and was intended for food.

Swigsby harpooned it with his fork and lifted it bodily, gazing at it with increasing wonder.

"What under the sun," he exclaimed at last, "is this thing?"

"Well," replied his patient wife, with the shadow of a sigh, "it looks like your new soft felt hat, and that is what I thought it was, but you pulled it out of your pocket when you came home this morning and said it was a nice steak, and you wanted it fried for breakfast. You needn't give me any of it. I'm not hungry."

And Swigsby, who was just wild to know what else he said when he came home, and what time it was, for the life of him didn't dare to ask.—Pearson's.

Shocked and Grieved Her Husband.

Jimson was a little, sharp eyed shoemaker with stooped shoulders and a chin whisker. He lived in a Missouri river town, and whenever he drank too much he used to wind up by going home and thrashing his wife. She never failed to go over to a neighbor's after a session with the old man and complain bitterly of his treatment. After awhile the neighbors grew weary of the oft repeated tale and remarked: "Well, you seem to like it. You always take it willingly. Why don't you pick up something and hit him with it the next time he whips you?" The wife considered the matter, and the next time her lord began to beat her she grasped a chair and smashed it over his head. The old man fell back in stark amazement, dropped his hands and stared at her.

"Why, Mary—why, Mary?" he whimpered. "What on earth is the matter with you? You never done this way before."—Kansas City Star.

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Middletown and Portsmouth—8.50, 9.10, 11.00 a. m., 12.18, 1.10, 3.05, 4.18, 5.13, 7.13, 9.13 p. m.

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New Bedford—8.50, 8.20, 9.10, *1.00 a. m., 12.13, 1.10, 3.05, 4.18, 5.18, 7.13, 9.13 p. m.

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CARS LEAVE FRANKLIN STREET FOR Beach (12 min.), *6.40, *6.55, *7.10, 7.25, every 15 min. to 10.38 a. m. (Change at Franklin St.) Return, lv. Beach, *6.52, *7.07, *7.22, 7.37, every 15 min. to 10.52 p. m. (Change at Franklin St.)

Mile Corner (10 min.), *6.35, *6.50, 7.05, every 15 min. to 11.35 p. m.

Morton Park (12 min.), *6.10, *6.25, 6.40 every 15 min. to 11.10. Return, lv. Morton Park, *6.22, *6.37, 6.52, every 15 min. to 11.22 p. m.

CARS LEAVE MILE CORNER FOR Beach (22 min.) *6.50, *6.45, *7.00, 7.15, every 15 min. to 10.30 p. m. (Change at Franklin St.) Return, lv. Beach, *6.52, *7.07, *7.22, 7.37, every 15 min. to 10.52.* (Change at Franklin Street).

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Instant Death Was Assured For One of the Contestants.

An extraordinary duel, which at the time created an immense sensation, was one in which the decision was arrived at not by swords or pistols, but by means of a deadly poison.

The men—who, it is hardly necessary to say, had fallen out over a lady—had left the arrangement of details to their seconds, and until they faced each other they did not know by what method they were to settle their differences.

One of the seconds was a doctor, and he had made up for the occasion four black pellets, all identical in size and shape.

"In one of these," he said, "I have placed a sufficient quantity of prussic acid to cause the almost instantaneous death of any one who swallows it. We will decide by the toss of a coin which of you is to have first choice, and you will alternately draw and swallow a pill until the poison shows its effects."

Two of the pellets were then taken as the toss had decided, but without effect in either case.

"This time," said the doctor, speaking of the two pellets remaining, "you must both swallow the pill at the same instant."

The choice was again made, and in a few seconds one of the men lay dead on the grass.—Pall Mall Gazette.

CANARIES ARE NERVOUS.

And They Dread Mice That Like to Steal Their Bird Seed.

One of the common troubles with canaries and one that few bird owners realize is that of nervousness. The nervous system of a canary is as highly sensitive as that of a delicate woman. Any sudden shock to their senses, whether of sight or sound, is liable to throw them into convulsions, that often result in death. An old bird dealer mentions a frequent but rarely known cause of sickness and even death among the little creatures.

"I had two canaries," he said, "that for some reason I could not discover fell into a frightfully nervous state and started to pine away. I doctored them with all the remedies known to bird lore, but the poor creatures continued to droop in dismal decline. At last I discovered the trouble. It was mice.

"Mice are as fond of bird seeds as canaries themselves. In the darkness of the night the mice would creep through the bars of the cage and devour the seeds, while the poor little canaries sat above shivering themselves into a state of nervous prostration from the very terror of the monsters below. I removed the cage to a position where the mice could not get at it, and my pets rapidly recovered."—New Orleans States.

One Sin of Housekeeping.

The ultimate sin of the housekeeping code is straightening things out in a desk or on a table. When I depart from my quarters in the morning my sitting room table looks self possessed and homelike, bearing three ash trays, four or five books, matches, a pipe, a can of tobacco, papers, magazines, pencils, pens, a letter or two, a bottle of ink and maybe a necktie or so. A place for everything and everything just where it ought to be easy to reach or thereabouts. But, alas, on return what a state that table is in. The books have been put back on the shelves, the ash trays mobilized, pen and pencils arranged in orderly lines, neckties stuck away in a dresser and the letters planted in the most conspicuous place with those containing bills uppermost.—Toledo Blade.

Pliny's Jewel Stories.

Pliny declared that a diamond was so hard that if placed on an anvil and struck with a sledge hammer it would give back a blow of such force as to shiver both anvil and hammer to pieces. Another of his wonderful tales states that "on the shore of the island of Cyprus there was a stone lion having eyes formed of emeralds, which shone so brightly that all the fishes were ingloriously frightened away. The fishermen accordingly pilled the emeralds out and put in glass eyes instead, whereupon the wise fishes became bolder and returned to their accustomed nets."

His Income.

"They say you get 250 marks a month. I can't believe it. Tell me how."

"I get 110 marks salary; then I don't pay my rent, 40 marks; that's 150 marks; I owe the milkman 30 marks, that's 180 marks; my butcher 40 marks, 220 marks, and every month I raise 30 marks out of my friends, making an income of 250 marks a month!"—Fliegende Blatter.

Strychnine?

"Say, Maria, have you noticed how this infernal cat jumps in my lap every time I sit down to read?"

"Yes. Well, I suppose the poor thing is tired."

"Well, the next time I go to the drug store I'll get something (biff) for that tired feline."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Modern Hospitals.

"The modern hospital is a sanitary workshop. Until a few years ago it was a place where sick people could be kept until they recovered. Nowadays it is a workshop where they are made well," says Dr. W. B. Russ in the Journal of the American Medical Association. "Today our units are the same, but our construction is steel and concrete. We have no carpets and dust catchers. Our furniture is of white enamel. We have forsaken the old time heat registers, with their dust and soot. We have steam radiators that give nothing into the sickroom. We have screens on our windows to deny admission to the fly and the mosquito and other insects that may carry the organisms of disease. We know that sunlight is one of God's ways of curing disease and that fresh air is one of the greatest physicians in the world, so that we build our modern hospitals with windows facing to the sun, with air space measured in terms of cubic feet for the sick."

Lincoln's Cabinet In 1863

From a wartime photograph.

What Lincoln Was Doing Fifty Years Ago

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.

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FIFTY years ago Abraham Lincoln had reached his Valley Forge—one almost might say his Gethsemane. He was fifty-four years old and had been in the presidency a trifle less than two years. During most of that time the war had been raging. In the west it had been in a measure favorable to the Union, but in the east, where the contest must finally be decided, the result had been rather the reverse. Two disastrous battles had been fought at Bull Run. McClellan's peninsular campaign was in the main a failure. That general had redeemed himself to some extent and had temporarily made brighter the outlook of the north at Antietam, but his continued inaction following the battle had compelled the president to supplant him with Burnside.

On Dec. 13 the disastrous battle at Fredericksburg had been fought, and shortly afterward the president was looking for a new general. On Jan. 22 it became plain that Burnside's second campaign had failed, and a few days later he resigned the command of the Army of the Potomac. Four men were considered for the succession. Reynolds was approached, but said he would not take the command under conditions and restrictions then existing. This narrowed the field to three—Rosecrans, Hooker and Meade. The objection to Rosecrans was that he was a western officer. Secretary of War Stanton violently opposed Hooker, and this opposition was seconded by many prominent army officers. President Lincoln himself had doubts about Hooker's temperament and his ability for an independent command.

At this point politics entered the field. Secretary of the Treasury Chase was already plotting to supplant Lincoln for the Republican presidential nomination in 1864. It has since been discovered that Lincoln knew of Chase's machinations, but in his large hearted magnanimity overlooked them. Whether he knew of them at this time or not is open to question. At any rate, friends of Chase approached Hooker and received from that general assurances that if he were appointed to the command of the Army of the Potomac and won the victory he would not seek the presidency. The Chase partisans at this point brought all the influence possible to bear in favor of Hooker, who was named. Lincoln's letter accompanying the commission is so characteristic that it is given in full:

General—I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appear to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier, which, of course, I like. I also believe that you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable if not an indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which within reasonable bounds does good rather than harm. But I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it

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GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER.

down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories. Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

Following the defeat at Fredericksburg there were persistent rumors of wholesale army and cabinet changes. On Dec. 20 this gossip had taken definite form. It was to the effect that Seward was to leave and Greeley to enter the cabinet. Although denial was made the next day, the talk continued. It also included Stanton and Chase, both of whom, it was said, would resign. It was likewise widely rumored that General Halleck would be removed and McClellan recalled to command.

Events at this time were not particularly encouraging in any direction to the Washington government and its harassed head. On Dec. 28 the Confederates raided near Alexandria and cut the wires between Washington and the army, thus increasing the fears of residents of the capital, who were in an almost constant state of alarm for the safety of the city.

Lack of money was also an embarrassment. The government was in pressing need of more than $1,000,000,000, and early in January the house committee on ways and means proposed the issuance of $600,000,000 in bonds, $300,000,000 in treasury notes and $300,000,000 in legal tender, popularly known as greenbacks. This plan was afterward carried out practically in that form. The financial straits of the government were indicated in a special message of the president on Jan. 19 asking that $100,000,000 be procured for back pay to the troops.

Even the emancipation proclamation, which had been formally issued on Jan. 1, was creating trouble in certain quarters. The freeing of the slaves was Lincoln's greatest act, yet he did it with misgivings. He feared its effect on the border states and on southern Union men in the army and out of it. For a time his fears appeared to be realized, for enlistments fell off, and there were mutterings of discontent affecting even the army. Echoes of what was being said were heard in congress. On Jan. 9 Senator Saulsbury denounced the proclamation in open senate, and on Jan. 21 Senator Harding of Kentucky followed this up by a fierce attack, in which he denominated the proclamation as "disunion doctrine" and an "attack on the constitution."

These were perhaps the darkest days that Lincoln ever knew. The responsibility for the whole war was upon him, and it was almost more than he could bear. He felt he had done right both in dismissing McClellan and in freeing the slaves, and yet he was being fiercely assailed for both. His enemies had a shadow of ground for their strictures in the fact that the Union troops were not winning victories, their claim being that these two acts had undermined the spirit of the army. In a few months all this talk was to be largely silenced by the two momentous Union successes that finally turned the tide in favor of the north, but at this time poor Lincoln knew nothing of Vicksburg and Gettysburg and had to go through his Valley Forge with few rays to lighten the gloom.

Lots of Bones.

Schoolmaster—Now, Tommy Squibbs, tell me how many bones there are in your body. Tommy Squibbs—Undreds, sir. I 'ad 'errin's for breakfast.—London Comic Cuts.

Mr. T. Wadd—You always speak of money as "hard cash." Mrs. T. Wadd—All I ever get comes from you, and it comes as hard as anything I know of.—Exchange.

HOW ABE LINCOLN GOT RID OF A BORE.

Among other well meaning northern men who bothered Lincoln in 1864 with impracticable plans for ending the war was a kindly, bland and bald old fellow whose flow of conversation was simply maddening to the good natured but busy president. By hook or crook the old fellow managed to get by the sentinels, and Lincoln was too soft hearted to give him peremptory orders to remain away, relates a writer in the Omaha Bee. One afternoon when he had interrupted important business for nearly an hour the president suddenly rose, hurried to a cupboard and drew forth a large bottle.

"Did you ever use this remedy for baldness?" the unwelcome caller was asked.

"Never," he replied, examining the label.

"Well," said Lincoln, with an air of one conferring an especial favor, "you may have it. Here, take the bottle, go home, rub it well into the head and come back, say, in three months and let me know if it did you good."

And he hustled the hairless old chap through the door and bowed him off.

Good Idea.

Mrs. Yeast—I just love to shut my eyes and think. Mr. Yeast—Why don't you try that with your mouth some times, dear?—Yonkers Statesman.

A Proviso.

"Would you marry him if you were me?"

"Well, if I were you, I might."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

JAMES P. TAYLOR,

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Thames Street,

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Fall and Winter Woolens,

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

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New & Fireproof

Strictly First Class. Rates Reasonable, 2.50 with bath and up.

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Ten minutes' walk to 20 Theatres.

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GOLDBECK'S

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This preparation represents the best and most nutritious form of MALT, containing a large percentage of diastase and extractive matter together with a minimum amount of alcohol. It is especially adapted to promote digestion of starchy food converting it into dextrine and glucose, in which form it is easily assimilated, forming fat.

It will be found invaluable in Weakness, Chronic Debility, Dyspepsia, (due to organic disease or infirmity), Nervous Exhaustion, Anæmia, Malnutrition, etc.

To Nursing Mothers it wonderfully increases strength, aiding lactation, and supplying sugar and phosphates to the milk, whereby the infant is nourished.

Insures quiet and natural sleep.

DIRECTIONS—A wineglassful with each meal and on going to bed, or as may be directed by the Physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste. Children in proportion to age.

Sold by D. W. SHEEHAN,

18 and 20 Kinsley's Wharf,

Newport R. I.

Price of Coke

From June 15, 1908.

Prepared, delivered,

36 bushels,	$4.50
18 bushels,	$2.25

Common, delivered,

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Prepared, 18c. a bushel, $10 for 100 bushels.

Common, 9c. a bushel $8 for 100 bushels

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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, February 8, 1913.

Russia and Austria have large armies mobilized, a situation that is almost as expensive as war, and often compels it.

Now that the election of judges is over, the General Assembly may be expected to get down to business in earnest.

United States Steel dissolution suit is expected to cost the government $150,000. Who is to be benefitted by it? The lawyers.

The cold spell is here at last, and winter is not to be an entire fraud after all. But the balmy days of spring are not far away now.

It is generally understood that Bryan will be President Wilson's prime minister. The rest of the cabinet it is said will be announced next week.

During the year 1912, the various steamship Companies brought 721,889 steerage passengers to this country from foreign countries, 108,041 second cabin and 146,915 first cabin passengers.

Millions of dollars have been refused by Edison for his new talking pictures and two other late inventions, which bring the phonograph almost to a state of perfection. Truly Edison is a Wizard.

The committee of 25 had a busy meeting this week, and considerable progress has been made. It will be some time yet, however, before the council is called to hear the full report of the committee.

President-elect Wilson says he "will continue to do things his own way, regardless of newspapers or criticism from whatever source. I am not here to amuse the newspapers." Really the incoming President is getting peppery before he gets down to business.

It is said that somebody has invented or discovered a process which will double the efficiency of gasoline and by this process it is claimed that gasoline can be made to sell at retail at twenty cents a gallon. If this is true that inventor or discoverer will soon be a millionaire.

Castro asks what would have been the result had Roosevelt been asked in Europe the questions about his administration of internal affairs at home that have been asked the former president of Venezuela. All the results could not be foreseen, but one of them would have been a rupture of the Atlantic cable in its effort to convey what he would have said about it.—Exchange.

General Superintendent Ray of the Boston & Maine has issued a circular to employees urging more courtesy on their part towards the public. Courtesy is a good asset. Had the railroad magnates as well as employees exercised more of it in former times, they would have had more of the sympathy of the public now.

A number of business men in New York are starting a movement for general reform in national and state legislation with the view of having laws drafted in clear and unambiguous terms. That never will work. If it should there would be no further use for lawyers, and that class of people must be provided for.

Gov. Foss of Massachusetts says: "Up in Vermont where I come from there always used to be four pieces of pie, and one with a keen appetite didn't think anything of cleaning up the plate." He wants to come the same dodge in the Bay State and devour the whole plate of Governor pie, with four pieces. The Governor is a very modest man.

New York Herald says there is a general feeling that Gov. Foss's scheme to have other states in New England join Massachusetts in a campaign to break up New Haven's monopoly is doomed to failure. Pres. Mellen is convinced that there will be no legislation this session which will force the relinquishment of the Boston & Maine or an abandonment of the scheme for getting control of western Massachusetts trolleys.

Guarantee of bank deposits in some form will be recommended by the House committee on banking and currency as a part of Democratic currency reform legislation. One proposal is to create clearing house associations in communities to be prescribed. Another scheme is to tax all national banks a fractional percentage of their deposits to create a fund in the treasury department to insure full payment of depositors of a bank which fails. None of these schemes will be found practical.

The weather predictions in the MERCURY Almanac, for the days from February 4 to 8 say: "Cold wave causes low temperatures in New England." That would seem to cover the ground pretty accurately, without hesitation, without any "perhaps" or other equivocation. This Almanac predicts the weather for New England, and does not attempt to "hedge" by saying some other part of the country may be getting the weather that was predicted. The MERCURY Almanac is accurate in all respects.

An Income Tax.

For the first time in over forty years the Constitution of the United States has been amended. This amendment is of very doubtful merit, at least so far as the Eastern portion of the United States is concerned. It puts into the hands of the national government power to tax all incomes large or small, for the benefit of the general government. Heretofore that power has rested with the States and was regarded as a source of revenue to the States if they saw fit to apply it, but that method of taxation was considered so obnoxious that it was not tried except in times of emergency. Now the result will be that the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey will pay nearly three fourths of this tax, which will go to lighten the burden of taxation on the South and West. No wonder these States voted for it.

An early plea for the income tax was that it should be a reserved implement for national emergency, like the federal tax born in 1862 and dead by limitation in 1871. But we behold both Senate and House chairmen now outlining plans for enacting a graduated tax that shall yield $100,000,000 a year, and give a "better opportunity to revise the tariff to a revenue basis."

The party first to administer the new tax is the one most committed to states' rights; yet no device for federal aggrandizement at state expense more potent than the income tax could well be devised. It is the widest possible departure from home rule in taxation. Even a proposed solution to have the federal government let local communities share in the proceeds, after it played tax collector, would be centralization personified, even were it practicable or were any cash return probable.

How many perjurers will the new regime breed? asks a writer. In 1869, when national need was real, and when all incomes over $1000 were taxed, only 259,000 persons out of 37,000,000 acknowledged liability. If dodgers or perjurers are to be exposed, how drastic or despotic must the inquisition be? How much will it penalize success and coddle impotence or indolence?

Time and the tax will tell.

General Assembly.

The greater part of the time of the members of the General Assembly has been devoted this week to a question of the three new judges for the Superior Court bench. There have been private conferences everywhere and at all times, and the discussions have waxed warm. The result of the election on Friday in grand committee, when the three new judges were chosen, was not surprising. The men elected were John W. Sweeney and Chester W. Barrows, Republicans, and John Doran, Democrat. The Pawtucket delegation had made a hard fight for their candidate, City Solicitor Blodgett, but it had not been anticipated that he would be elected.

On Tuesday the judiciary committee of the Senate reported back the bill regarding judges, without further amendment, so that only one new judge was created. This made three vacancies, and the two houses voted to meet in grand committee on Friday to elect. Not much other business has been transacted this week, but it is expected that next week the committees will get down to business in earnest.

Senator Monroe of Providence has introduced a bill providing for a Senate made up by districts on the basis of population, but this will probably not get very far. The death of Representative Henry H. Potter of Scituate cast a gloom over the Legislature, as he knew everybody and was held in the highest esteem.

Progress of Woman Suffrage

In the campaign of 1912 the women won in Arizona, Kansas and Oregon, making nine states in all in which women have the ballot on the same terms as men. The other six states, in most of which women have been voting for years, are Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Washington and California. Suffrage was defeated in a special election in Ohio in September, 1912, when it was voted on as one of the forty-two proposed amendments to the state constitution by a small majority. It was defeated in Wisconsin and Michigan in November. Its failure in Wisconsin, where it has been championed for years by Mr. La Follette, surprised the country. In Michigan out of a total vote of 550,000, it failed by a margin of 600.

In the past few days it has pushed itself through both branches of the New York Legislature, with only a few votes in opposition. If it passes the Legislature a year hence it will be referred to the people for final action in 1915. The proposition has passed one or both branches of the legislatures of Montana, Nevada and South Dakota also, and will be taken up immediately by Ohio, Wisconsin and Michigan, which defeated it in 1912.

The cause is making great progress and it looks as though many people now living would see the women in every state in the Union enjoying the same privileges as to voting as the men.

The members of Aquidneck Chapter, No. 7, Order of the Eastern Star, are arranging for another whist and dance at the Armory of the Newport Artillery for Wednesday evening, February 19. The last affair was very successful.

For any case of nervousness, sleeplessness, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, try Carter's Little Nerve Pills. Relief is sure. The only nerve medicine for the price in market.

The 50th Anniversary.

On July 2nd, 3d and 4th will occur the fiftieth anniversary of two great events in the Civil War; the battle of Gettysburg and the surrender of Vicksburg. The Gettysburg anniversary will be celebrated on a large scale.

Plans have been approved by the War Department to prepare on the battlefield of Gettysburg a camp containing 54,000 tents for the 60,000 or 70,000 survivors of the Union and Confederate armies. For this event Congress has appropriated $150,000, the State of Pennsylvania $250,000, and other states will provide for transportation expenses. The first week of July, 1863, was one of great results in the civil war. As the tremendous struggle at Gettysburg ended, Vicksburg was surrendered with a garrison of 27,000 men, a remarkable military coincidence and climax. On November 19 of the same year President Lincoln delivered his brief but immortal speech at the national dedication of the field.

Each army at Gettysburg had over 70,000 seasoned soldiers, and in each the killed and wounded alone numbered not far from 20,000. If the Union Army, instead of the Confederates, had retreated from its position the war would have been longer continued and the rebellion harder to put down. Lincoln's address is the expression of that resolve and the purposes back of it. The country has been reunited and has reached a leadership in the world that more than realizes the future predicted for it fifty years ago. The country is glad that so many old soldiers survive to see the famous field again, now a national military park with the old flag perpetually flying, and forty-eight indestructible states of an indestructible Union to take part in the celebration.

During 1913 22 battleships for the British navy will be under construction in British yards. Parliament will probably be asked to authorize five or six more in the near future. British yards are also building six warships for foreign governments, a total displacement under way aggregating 650,000 tons, will cost close to $400,000,000. Dockyards and shipbuilding companies are working day and night.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

DEATH OF GEORGE B. COGGESHALL.

Mr. George B. Coggeshall died at his home on West Main Road, Monday morning, after a short illness. Mr. Coggeshall had not been well since Christmas, but had been confined to his bed only about two weeks. He was in his eighty-fifth year. Mr. Coggeshall was the youngest son of Peleg and Bridget Almy Coggeshall, of Portsmouth. He had always made his home with his brother, Peleg A. Coggeshall. He at one time owned Brook Farm, now the property of Bradford Norman. Mr. Coggeshall was formerly prominent in the affairs of the town serving as representative in the General Assembly for two years, and serving in the state senate for four years. Mr. Coggeshall was a lineal descendant of John Coggeshall who came from England in 1632 and became a leading citizen of Boston. He was one of the followers of Ann Hutchinson, and coming to Rhode Island he became one of the original settlers of Portsmouth. Mr. Coggeshall had a sister Cynthia, a brother George, both having died some time ago, and a brother, Peleg A., who died about two weeks ago. The funeral services were held at his home Wednesday afternoon at 1.15 o'clock, Rev. Albert Loucks conducting the services. The burial was in the Union Cemetery.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY ELECTS.

There was a good attendance at the sixteenth annual meeting of the Newport County Agricultural Society, held at Fair Hall. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Isaac L. Sherman.
Vice Presidents—Arthur A. Sherman, D. Frank Hall, Charles L. Sherman.
Secretary—Borden C. Anthony.
Treasurer.—Warren R. Sherman.
Directors—Joshua Coggeshall, Henry Anthony and B. Earl Anthony.
Advisory Committee—President and secretary, ex-officio; Mrs. George Coggeshall, Mrs. Isaac L. Sherman, Mrs. John M. Eldredge and Mrs. D. Frank Hall.
Reception Committee—Mr. and Mrs. Warren R. Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Anthony.
Superintendent of Carriages and Entrances—Henry Anthony.
Assistant Superintendent of Carriages and Entrances—William F. Carr.
Superintendent of Grounds—Howard R. Peckham.

INJURED IN COLLISION.

A serious accident occurred in Newtown village, at the junction of East Main Road and Dexter street, on Saturday evening. Mr. William B. Anthony was driving north in his milk wagon and Mr. William Hall, son of Benjamin Hall, was going south on his motor-cycle. There were no lights and the two vehicles came together with such force that Mr. Anthony was thrown from his wagon. He escaped with a few bruises, but the wagon was badly damaged. Mr. Hall was thrown from his motor-cycle and his right leg was broken just above the knee, and he also received a scalp wound. He was taken to St. Anne's Hospital where he is being cared for. Mr. Hall is a student of Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.

DEATH OF MISS KATHERINE SISSON.

Miss Katherine Hall Sisson, only daughter of Mrs. Hannah Hall Sisson, died at her home on Bristol Ferry Road early Wednesday morning. She was in her 22nd year. Miss Sisson had been ill for about two weeks, with gastritis. On Tuesday it was found to be necessary to operate for a disease of the throat. Dr. George L. Richards, of Fall River, a specialist, was called. The operation was considered a success. On Wednesday morning the throat filled and before her physician could be summoned she had choked, which caused death.

MRS. ELLA FISH.

Mrs. Ella Fish died at the home of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Anna Fish, on Wednesday, after an illness of several weeks. She was an active member of the Ladies' Benevolent Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church and she will be greatly missed from that organization. She is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Dale, five grand-children and one brother, Capt. Marsden Blake.

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Ashley celebrated the twentieth anniversary of their marriage at their home on Bristol Ferry Road, Saturday evening. About 60 guests were present. Mrs. Potter, of New Bedford, and Miss Marjorie Hicks, of this town, provided music. Refreshments were served. Mr. and Mrs. Ashley received many handsome presents.

There was a very large attendance at the supper and dance given by the Guild of St. Mary's Parish, at Oakland Hall on Tuesday evening. Supper was served and dancing followed. The waitresses were Misses Jean Barclay, Ruth Brown, Mollie and Louisa Gray, Agnes Murphy, Esther Gifford, Alice Murphy, Mrs. Charles G. Clarke, Mrs. Robert H. Manchester, Mrs. George A. Brown, Mrs. Henry Peate and Mrs. William H. Gifford. All the leaders of the Guild were actively employed in planning, preparing and serving the supper. Mr. J. O. C. Peckham sold supper tickets and Mrs. George Elliott collected them. Mr. William T. Tallman sold dance tickets for dancing. The proceeds are to be given to Miss Dorothea C. Tallman, who is in New Hampshire for her health.

The attendance at the dance given in the Town Hall by Eureka Lodge of Masons, was not quite so good as usual. The committee in charge was George E. Lawton, chairman, J. Livesey, Henry Davol, Gordon MacDonald, Arthur A. Sherman and Borden C. Anthony.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis S. Sisson gave a party in honor of the tenth anniversary of the birth of their daughter, Anna Miriam, last week. Twenty children with their parents were present. Games were played and refreshments were served.

Mrs. Wadsworth, wife of Rev. John Wadsworth, has gone to the Union Hospital for treatment. For several weeks she has been suffering from a disease of the foot. Now both feet are affected, and a specialist has been called.

Rev. Albert C. Loucks entertained the Ladies' Aid Society of the Christian Church, at a recent meeting, the president, Mrs. Thomas J. Sweet, presiding. At this meeting a constitution and by-laws were adopted.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Porter were given a surprise on Tuesday afternoon by the Sunshine Society, to celebrate the twentieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Porter.

The union meetings have begun at the Methodist Episcopal Church which will be continued for two or three weeks. Rev. E. C. Pollock is conducting the meetings.

Mrs. Mary Brownell, who has been ill at the home of her nephew, Frank Hall, of East Providence, is so much improved that she has been able to return to her home.

Six were present at the Teachers' Meeting at the home of the superintendent, Mrs. John M. Eldredge.

Mrs. Norma Butler is visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. W. Wilmarth of Central Falls.

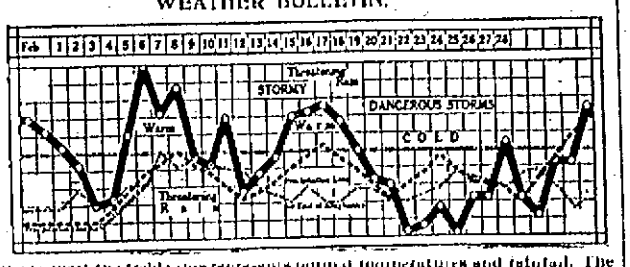
Mr. and Mrs. John L. Borden left Thursday for an extended trip in the south.

Walter P. Sherman who has been ill is now able to sit up.

The Women's Auxiliary to the Y. M. C. A. held its annual business session at the rooms of the Association on Thursday, and a very successful year was reported.

FRAGRANT and DELICIOUS
Millions who drink it recommend
LIPTON'S TEA
Sustains and Cheers

WEATHER BULLETIN.



In above chart the treble line represents normal temperatures and rainfall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above trebel line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below trebel line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecasts. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse. Dates are for Meridian 90. Count one or two days earlier for west of line and as much for east of it to guess within for area move from west to east.

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Washington, D. C., Feb. 6, 1913.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Feb. 9 to 18, warm wave 8 to 12, cool wave 11 to 15. In central valleys and westward this storm will be of no great importance but as it nears the Atlantic coast it will gain force. Temperatures will average moderate but the cold wave following will be more severe than the cold waves of this winter have averaged.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Feb. 13, cross Pacific slope by close of 14, great central valleys 15 to 17, eastern sections 18. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Feb. 13, great central valleys 15, eastern sections 17. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Feb. 16, great central valleys 18, eastern sections 20.

This disturbance, after a slumber of the storms, will cause an awakening and they will again be full of energy. Not at their best always the worst for vegetable and animal life which are tied to this world wheel and must go round—but they will form a vigorous advance guard of the more formidable storms to come a little later.

This storm wave will bring one of the principal warm waves of the month and may cause that feature popularly known as the Feb. thaw. It will be followed by a great fall in temperatures and the coldest weather of the winter in northern sections.

Fifth storm wave of Feb. will reach Pacific coast about 18, cross Pacific slope by close of 19, great central valleys 20 to 22, eastern sections 23. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Feb. 18, great central valleys 20, eastern sections 22. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Feb. 21, great central valleys 23, eastern sections 25.

This disturbance will be of more than usual force west of meridian 90 and will become a fierce storm as it nears the Atlantic coast. It will be a dangerous storm and our danger signals will hang out for all eastern sections. Rains will not be general but below the normal for the country east of Rocky ridge but concentrated rains in limited localities, causing local floods are probable.

We can not certainly locate these torrential rains but there are some indications that they will concentrate in our northeastern states, the Canadian eastern sections and in vicinity of Kansas City, Missouri. In northern sections the concentrated precipitation will probably be in the form of snow and the cold weather following will be the last chance for ice making.

Our forecast of heavy snows over northern parts of Pacific slope has been notably fulfilled and our success in forecasting the precipitation east of Rockies for the fall and winter suggests that our cropweather forecasts for 1913 will be good.

We are still of the opinion that there will be no financial crash this year and that the European war will not long continue. Those who have grain and cotton to sell have not much to fear. The great speculator is the worst feature and matters are shaping in congress that will make him more cautious than heretofore.

We are expecting good times for the country in a financial way and all should enter the work of producing crops with energy and confidence. Drouth will interfere in some sections but there is no danger of a famine. We must know the future cropweather, plant and sow to fit the seasonal precipitation and then all will be well.

J. P. Morgan & Co.'s statement to the Pujo committee shows that firm has offered $2,500,000,000 of securities of interstate corporations to the public in the last 15 years. J. P. Morgan & Co's transactions in New York Central securities in 15 years totaled $225,000,000; with Atchison $160,000,000; Atlantic Coast Line $30,000,000; American Telephone $175,000,000; Chesapeake & Ohio $75,000,000; Burlington $80,000,000; Erie $70,000,000; Hocking Valley $40,000,000; Michigan Central $54,000,000; Lake Shore $170,000,000; New Haven about $100,000,000; Southern Railway $95,000,000.

Weekly Almanac.

FEBRUARY 1913 — STANDARD TIME

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High Morn	High Eve	Water Morn	Water Eve
8 Sat	6 51	5 03	7 37	9 00		9 27	
9 Sun	6 50	5 09	8 38	9 55		10 02	
10 Mon	6 49	5 11	9 40	10 12		10 40	
11 Tues	6 47	5 12	10 43	10 50		11 23	
12 Wed	6 46	5 13	11 50	11 31			
13 Thur	6 45	5 15	mo'n	0 10		12 23	
14 Frid	6 43	5 16	1 00	1 07		1 32	

New Moon, 6th day, 9h, 22m., morning
First Quarter, 13th day, 3h, 31m., morning
Full Moon, 20th day 9h. 03m., evening
Last Quarter, 27th day 4h 15m., evening

Deaths.

In this city, 1st inst., Annie Wilson, widow of James M. Mead.

In this city, 1st inst., Mary Dorothy, wife of Walter L. Nordling, in her 31st year.

In this city, 2d inst., Cynthia Ann, widow of William O. Gladding, daughter of the late John J. and Mary J. Sliney, in her 76th year.

In this city, 4th inst., Ellen E. Fagan.

In Middletown, 2d inst., Dr. Henry Goodwin Mackaye.

In Portsmouth, 3d inst., George B. Coggeshall, in his 85th year.

In Portsmouth, 5th inst., Katharine Hall, daughter of Mrs. Hannah C. Sisson, in her 22d year.

In Portsmouth, 5th inst., Ella M. Fish, in her 53d year.

In Little Compton, 4th inst., George W. Church, aged 86 years.

In Worcester, Mass., 4th inst., Mary E., wife of the late William O. Brayton, and daughter of the late William and Sarah S. Popple, in her 80th year.

In Tiverton, 3d inst., Ellen (Sullivan), wife of Frank Dupont.

In New Rochelle, N. Y., 2d inst., Helen M. Albro.

In North Scituate, 4th inst., Henry H. Potter, in his 41st year.

In Providence, 5th inst., Elizabeth H. Pillsbury, in her 80th year.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS.

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT

31 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 188 He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

ITEMIZED LIST OF HIS THEFTS

Prepared by Coleman and Handed Over to Receiver Bates

EIGHT MONTHS OF ROBBERY

Bookkeeper Had No Difficulty In Getting Away With From $3000 to $5000 a Week—Kelliher Offers to "Squeal" If Government Will Help Him—Officials Clash Over Evidence

Boston, Feb. 7.—How George W. Coleman robbed the National City bank of Cambridge of $160,600 and handed over the proceeds to William J. ("Big Bill") Kelliher has just been revealed in an itemized list of stealings which Coleman has prepared and handed over to Receiver John L. Bates. It is called "List A," and is a remarkable document, showing how a $12 a week bookkeeper in a national bank was able without detection to rob the bank of an average of four times a week of from $3000 to $5000 at each time.

The stealings began, Coleman said, on June 2, 1909, and continued every few days until Feb. 5, 1910, when Coleman was able to hand over to Kelliher only $1000, apologizing, as Kelliher has told in his confession, "that there was no more to steal."

With the publication of "List A," the mystery of Coleman's recent trip to Boston, where he worked over the books of the wrecked bank to aid the receiver, is solved.

Coleman in "List A" accounts for but $160,600 of his stealings. In his bill of complaint Bates states that Kelliher received not less than $185,000 of the bank loot from Coleman. Bates is trying to account for the $24,600 difference which Coleman has not accounted for in his gifts to Kelliher.

Kelliher yesterday made a proposal to the government authorities in Boston to help them bring to justice his accomplices and the men who shared in the loot from the wrecked National City bank of Cambridge.

"I am eager and anxious to tell," says Kelliher, "because the justice of the city requires the exposure. All that I ask is that the government treat me like a man, meet me half way, give me counsel and do what it can to help me."

Next to Kelliher's proposal to the government authorities the most interesting development was the controversy growing out of conflicting statements from District Attorney Pelletier and United States District Attorney French as to how Kelliher and his counsel secured possession of the secret records of the Suffolk grand jury before which Coleman had testified. "Big Bill" read these records, he says, before he was tried. His statement is now confirmed.

Pelletier declared Kelliher's counsel was given a transcript of the evidence before the Suffolk grand jury. Pelletier claims that French furnished the transcript.

French denies this flatly. He says he did not give out the copy of the records, but that he does not know where the transcript of the evidence came from.

SINGLE SIX-YEAR TERM

Senate Adopts Resolution Limiting the Tenure of Presidents

Washington, Feb. 3.—"The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America. The term of office of the president shall be six years; and no person who has held the office by election, or discharged its powers or duties, or acted as president under the constitution and laws made in pursuance thereof, shall be eligible to again hold the office by election."

By a vote of 47 to 23, only one more than the requisite two-thirds vote, the senate adopted the Works resolution proposing to the states the foregoing amendment to the constitution for their ratification. The resolution must now go to the house, where a two-thirds vote will be necessary to adopt it in that body.

After approval by the president, the resolution will then enter upon the longest stage of its journey toward its incorporation as a part of the organic law. The legislatures of three-fourths of the states must give their approval, and not until action by thirty-six states has been officially reported and certified to the secretary of state can the amendment become operative.

STANDS BY HIS GUNS

Senator Reasserts That Denver Women Drink More Than Men

Denver, Feb. 7.—"Twenty women to one man in Denver drink intoxicating liquors, and they drink more than men."

This statement was made in the Colorado senate by Senator Hecker of Denver. It followed a vigorous attack by Mrs. Helen R. Robinson, Colorado's first woman senator, upon a statement published in a Washington newspaper and attributed to Hecker that "women in Denver drink more highballs than men."

Bryce on Hague Arbitration Court

London, Feb. 7.—James Bryce, British ambassador to Washington, has been appointed by the British government a member of the permanent court of arbitration at The Hague.

Gas Kills War Veteran

Springfield, Mass., Feb. 5.—Hiram Worden, aged 80, a Civil war veteran, was found dead in his room from gas poisoning.

MEN HIGHER UP ARE ENTRAPPED

Police Officials Implicated In New York Vice Graft

CAPTAIN WALSH'S CONFESSION

He Mentions Inspector Sweeney and Two Captains and They Are Suspended—Charges of Policeman Fox Corroborated In Every Detail In Presence of District Attorney

New York, Feb. 7.—Dennis Sweeney, inspector of police, was suspended from the New York police force by Police Commissioner Waldo yesterday afternoon. His name had been mentioned in the graft confession made by Police Captain Thomas Walsh, likewise suspended yesterday afternoon.

Later the commissioner suspended Captain James F. Thompson and Captain James E. Hussey. Thompson and Hussey formerly were inspectors, and each has been in command of the sixth inspection district, which comprises the Harlem precincts, at successive periods in the time covered by Walsh's confession.

The commissioner took action as soon as he had confirmed from the district attorney's office the authenticity of Walsh's confession, which was made on his sick bed. On Monday, if well enough, Walsh will testify before the grand jury, and soon after indictments are expected.

Commissioner Waldo conferred late yesterday with Mayor Gaynor concerning the latest revelations in his much investigated department, steadily under fire since the murder of Herman Rosenthal last July.

The trail of police graft upon which District Attorney Whitman set out last summer is declared by him to have emerged from the thicket of minor exposures to an open road.

Walsh's confession was forced in part by charges by Policeman Eugene Fox, who pleaded guilty to graft collection last Monday and turned upon Walsh as the man next above him. Fearing that a heart weakness with which he has long been troubled might foreshadow his death, and wishing to purge his conscience, Walsh admitted that he took vice graft to the extent of perhaps $100,000 in a single police precinct and shared half of the amount with a police inspector above him.

In the presence of the district attorney and an assistant whom he called to his Madison avenue home, and with Mrs. Walsh and a friend also present, the police captain corroborated in full the charges made by Fox. He said every cent collected by Fox in the East One Hundred and Twenty-Sixth street precinct had been shared with a police inspector. Out of every dollar that Fox brought to him, after deducting 10 percent commission for the policeman, 50 cents had gone to his superior.

Once a month Walsh would meet the inspector in the latter's office and pay him cash, he said. He could not recall off-hand how much the amount paid over was, but he believed it to be between $25,000 and $50,000. He had no knowledge of the amount collected in the four other precincts of that inspection district, but he believed it to be quite as large.

The district attorney was with Walsh for only three-quarters of an hour, but left with the understanding that Walsh would see him again and would place in his own writing the full confession.

To a representative of Waldo Walsh had denied any connection with the graft receiving. A few hours later he made his statement to Whitman which set the "system" agog.

NO TRAFFIC AGREEMENT

But Grand Trunk Officials Admit That One Was "Proposed"

Montreal, Feb. 6.—An official statement issued at the offices of the Grand Trunk railway declares that there never has been any traffic agreement between the Grand Trunk and the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad, but admits there was a "proposed agreement."

The statement says the Providence extension of the Central Vermont railroad has not been finally abandoned, and points out that the Providence line has nothing to do with the proposed extension of the Central Vermont to Boston.

PEARY OPERATED UPON

Discoverer of North Pole Reported to Be In Serious Condition

Washington, Feb. 7.—Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary, who discovered the North Pole, was operated on for appendicitis. He is reported to be in a serious condition.

Peary is 57. He made his final and successful dash to the earth's northern extremity in 1909. He was born in Creston, Pa. He has made his home in Portland, Me., for many years.

LOCKS ARE BARRED

Traveling Man Has to Give Up $6.40 For Parcel Postage

New York, Feb. 6.—If you send your traveling bag by parcel post be sure to leave it unlocked. A New York traveling man learned this lesson when the postman brought him a grip he had left in Pittsburg and for which he had wired.

The parcel bore 64 cents in stamps, but because the bag was locked it came as first class matter and the owner had to pay $6.40.

CHURCH FIGHTS SUIT

May Affect Every Roman Catholic Congregation In Pennsylvania

Pittsville, Pa., Feb. 7.—A suit involving the control of Catolic church property in Pennsylvania valued at more than $10,000,000 was heard by Judge Bruman here. The suit is based on the petition of St. George's Roman Catholic congregation of Shenandoah, which asks that members of the congregation be legally recognized as trustees of the church property, instead of the late Archbishop Ryan.

This request is opposed by the church at large on the contention that Archbishop Pendergast has succeded to all the rights of his predecessor. If the congregation wins the suit it would affect the status of every congregation in the state.

St. George's congregation has 3000 members, mostly Lithuanians, and has been in much litigation with the archbishop. Court reserved decision.

THREE WIVES IN COURT

All Plead For Bigamist, Who Gets Year and a Half Sentence

New York, Feb. 6.—Although all three of Isadore Steinberg's wives pleaded for him, he was sentenced to a year and a half in prison for bigamy.

Sternberg had admitted the possession of two wives, but he explained he had married the second so that he might use her dowry to send his first wife back to Russia. The first Mrs. Sternberg, he said, was homesick and consented to this plan.

An officer who investigated this story told the court it was untrue, but he unexpectedly found a third wife who was in court yesterday with the other two.

Wives numbers two and three said they did not blame Steinberg for seeking a new mate, because his former marital experiences had been so unpleasant.

DISCOVERS BEAUTY FOLLOWS THE BALLOT

New Fount of Youth Revealed by a Boston Woman

Washington, Feb. 7.—That darning socks makes women "look older and feel older," while the right to vote will renew their youth, was the declaration of Mrs. Elizabeth G. Evans of Boston, in a lecture on woman suffrage at the public library.

"I used to darn socks when I was younger," said Mrs. Evans, "thinking that it was a good method of passing the time. I find that it made me look older and feel older, as the labor did not have the proper elements of interest. Working to better social conditions through the medium of the ballot will bring back the youth of American women where sock-darning and other dull labor will make age come rapidly.

"One friend of mine stated she had been made ten years younger by gaining the vote. Women will continue to be ill-treated and under-paid until they get the vote."

PERHAPS HIDING IN HUB

Police Looking For Supposed Slayer of Railroad Construction Foreman

Boston, Feb. 7.—Jack Wren, 25 years old, 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighing 200 pounds, is sought by the Boston police as the murderer of James B. Hamilton, a railroad construction foreman whose battered body was found yesterday in Hinsdale, N. H.

The Hinsdale officials have telegraphed Boston police headquarters to arrest Wren on sight and hold him on a charge of murder. Wren was discharged by Hamilton a few days ago.

Holbrook, Cabot & Rollins corporation, the Boston construction firm by whom Hamilton was employed, have offered a reward of $1000 for the detection of his murderer or murderers.

ABUSED BY HAZERS

Two Worcester High School Boys' Faces Badly Burned With Caustic

Worcester, Mass., Feb. 7.—With their faces blackened and burned and possibly scarred and disfigured for life, Charles N. Lawrence, Jr. and Alfred Shaw, members of the junior class of South High school, are compelled to remain out of school as a result of hazing by members of the senior class.

The victims were overpowered and not only were their faces decorated with a strong caustic, nitrate of silver, but the figures "13" in large size were burned on the backs of their hands.

Shaw is perhaps the worst burned, and is obliged to remain indoors. Lawrence has to wear a mask.

COAL BARGE FOUNDERS

Captain, Wife and Two Small Children Have Probably Perished

New London, Conn., Feb. 6.—During a gale off Bartlett's reef the barge Annie R., which was being towed by the tug Sarah F. McWilliams, foundered, and it is believed that Captain John Driscoll, his wife and their two small children were drowned.

The barge was the last in a tow of three and the loss was not discovered until the tug reached New London light. The tug immediately commenced a search for the missing boat, but no trace could be found. The search continued all day without success.

The barge was loaded with coal and was bound from New York to this port.

HOPE TO ATTACK CAPITAL SOON

Allies Trying to Propate Way For the Greek Fleet

TURKS BEATEN IN GALLIPOLI

Bulgars Likely to Meet Stubborn Resistance Before They Advance Much Further—Permission For Foreigners to Leave Adrianople or Establish Neutral Zone Refused

London, Feb. 7.—Reports from the front, although very meagre, indicate that the Bulgarians are bending every effort to prepare the way for the Greek fleet to go through the Dardanelles, meet the Turkish warships in the Sea of Marmora, and then to proceed to the bombardment of Constantinople, which is the ultimate object of the allies.

Dispatches indicate that in the fight yesterday in Gallipoli peninsula the Turks were driven off.

If this is the case the Bulgars have made a long step in their advance but they will still have to negotiate the modern and well defended works at Bulair and across the neck of the peninsula, which ought to offer stubborn resistance.

The fact that the Bulgarians appear to be moving their positions westward along the Tchataldja lines seems to show that they realize there is a possibility of an attempt to outflank them, but so far there is no confirmation of the rumors that the Turks are moving troops by sea to the neighborhood of Rodosto and Midia.

The ministers of the powers in Sofia communicated to Premier Guechoff the request of the consuls at Adrianople for permission for foreigners to leave the town, or for the establishment of a neutral zone for their protection.

Premier Guechoff declined to accede to the request. He said, in explanation, there was no precedent for foreigners leaving a besieged place under similar circumstances and there were weighty reasons why Bulgarian headquarters could not grant such permission.

Nor could a neutral zone be established, as no guarantee could be given that shells would not accidentally fall within the zone, and consequently great difficulties would be created for the troops engaged in the operations.

The main body of the Turkish troops has retired behind the main line of defense at Gallipoli, according to a dispatch to the Daily Telegraph.

A Constantinople dispatch says the Bulgars attacked the Bulair forts, but were compelled to retire to their old positions. The Turkish cruiser Messudieh, with two torpedo boats, has sailed for the Black sea, apparently to cover the landing near Midia of troops from Trebizond.

RETAINED TEN PERCENT

New York Policeman Gathered In $75,000 Graft In Five Years

New York, Feb. 6.—Eugene Fox, the self-confessed graft collecting policeman who will tell the extraordinary grand jury a story of graft levied by the police in Harlem, made a confession to the district attorney, supplementary to the one he first made, in which he figures he handled $75,000 in five years in graft money for certain superiors in the department.

Ten percent of this Fox told the prosecutor he retained for himself. The rest was divided between his captain and men who represented the inspector responsible for his precinct. Some of the money found its way "down town" to police headquarters, according to Fox.

WOMEN CITY OFFICIALS

Mayor of Waltham Names Two to Hold Responsible Positions

Waltham, Mass., Feb. 4.—This city will have two women officials if a recommendation to the board of aldermen by Mayor Duane is acted upon favorably.

Duane recommended the appointment of Miss Ida A. Ryan as superintendant of public buildings at a salary of $1500 a year, and Miss Vera Ryan, not related to the other, as a city assessor at a salary of $1800 a year.

HIS FIRST APPOINTMENT

President-Elect Names Tumulty as His Secretary In White House

Trenton, Feb. 4.—President-elect Wilson named Joseph J. Tumulty to be his secretary when he assumes the presidency.

The position is considered one of the most important outside the cabinet. The appointment is the first one announced by Wilson as president-elect.

Can Put Airships Out of Commission

Paris, Feb. 6.—A military aviator has invented a contrivance which he says will create air disturbances and cause aeroplanes to fall to the earth.

Legislation Against Free Lunch

Jefferson City, Mo., Feb. 6.—Abolition of free lunch in saloons is provided for in a bill passed by the house of representatives.

Sauter Held For Killing Girl

Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 7.—Charged with murder in the first degree in shooting Ida Braemer, aged 17, as she stood in front of his clothing factory with a group of fellow-strikers, Valentine Sauter was remanded to jail for a hearing Feb. 20. Sauter pleaded not guilty.

STRIKERS RESORT TO BOMB THROWING

Policemen Guarding Brooklyn Shop Are Seriously Hurt

New York, Feb. 7.—A mob, demonstrating in the interest of garment makers on strike from shops in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, employed a bomb as a weapon in their renewed warfare that the police tried to check.

Edward Hartman and John Hoppe, two special officers guarding a shop affected by the strike, were seriously hurt by glass and scrap iron contained in the infernal machine, and were taken to a hospital. They were knocked senseless when the explosion wrecked the front of the building, precipitating a panic among the operatives.

A police sergeant and five patrolmen were beaten by the mob. Reserves arrived and dispersed the strikers after a struggle in which five men and two girls were made prisoners.

WHERE SICK COWS GO

Chairman of Cattle and Milk Conference Says They Become Bologna

New York, Feb. 7.—"Tuberculous cows don't die; they become bologna," said Chairman North at the Eastern Cattle and Milk conference. Dairymen, cattlemen and health officers from the eastern and middle states devoted yesterday's session to a discussion of bovine tuberculosis. After being told the dangers from sick cows, they recommended uniform state legislation to remedy the situation.

With a view of strengthening the federal and interstate quarantine measures the conference recommended that the sale of diseased cattle be prevented within the state they came from.

AWARDED $15,000 DAMAGES

Jury Finds Priest Was Falsely Imprisoned In Insane Asylum

Ogdensburg, N. Y., Feb. 6.—Fifteen thousand dollars damages for false imprisonment was awarded by a jury here to Rev. L. A. Klauder after a trial lasting ten days.

The defendants in the action were Bishop Gabriels of the Catholic diocese of Ogdensburg, Coadjutor Bishop Conroy and Drs. W. B. Hanbridge and W. G. Cooper of the Ogdensburg state asylum for the insane.

The plaintiff alleged the defendants had caused him to be placed in the asylum upon his refusal to relinquish his parish at Faust, near here.

New Pension Checks Sent Out

Washington, Feb. 7.—The first checks paid to pensioners under the new system, which abolished the eighteen agencies in various parts of the country and united them here under one head, have just gone out, and all of the more than 300,000 due this month were in the mail on time.

Johnson's Trial Set For Feb. 25

Chicago, Feb. 6.—Jack Johnson, negro pugilist, must stand trial on the white slavery indictment returned by the federal grand jury. Judge Carpenter overruled his demurrer to the indictment and set the date for Feb. 25.

Cut In Steerage Rates

Hamburg, Feb. 7.—The German and Dutch steamship lines announced that the steerage rate from Europe to Canada would be cut from $40 to $30. The cut includes also the Austro-American service from Trieste, Austria, to Montreal.

Breaks Jail to Question Judge

New Brunswick, N. J., Feb. 5.—After safely breaking jail, Peter Freier went to the home of Judge Daly to ask why he had been given so severe a sentence. H was returned to the lockup.

TROUBLED WITH DANDRUFF 20 YEARS

Dry Skin on Scalp. Would Show Badly on Coat Collar, Cured After Few Treatments with Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

743 Third Ave., New York, N. Y.—"Having been troubled with dandruff for twenty years and trying numerous lotions, washes, etc., without any effect, I thought I would give Cuticura Soap and Ointment a trial. The scalp always had dry skin on it which did not itch as I gave it a good brushing every morning and evening, but through the day the dandruff would show badly on my coat collar

"I used the Cuticura Soap to shampoo my hair and rubbed in a little Cuticura Ointment. After a few treatments I found the head clean and healthy, free from all dry scales. Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured the dandruff, and now I use Cuticura to keep it from returning." (Signed) W. Dyke, Jan. 2, 1912.

For pimples and blackheads the following is a most effective and economical treatment: Gently smear the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment, on the end of the finger, but do not rub. Wash off the Cuticura Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for some minutes. This treatment is best on rising and retiring. At other times use Cuticura Soap freely for the toilet and bath; to assist in preventing inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores. Sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

☞Tender-faced men should use Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Sample free.

EXEMPT.

MONEY ON DEPOSIT IN OUR PARTICIPATION (SAVING) ACCOUNT IS NOT LIABLE TO TAXATION.

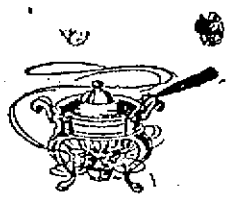
Deposits made on or before FEBRUARY 15 draw interest from February 1.

Dividends February and August.

Industrial Trust Company.

Office with Newport Trust Co.

CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the roast.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

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NEW AND Improved Varieties OF VEGETABLE SEEDS

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Cheapest and Best
Will not taint Water
Acid, and Alkali Proof
Waterproof and time-defying
Requires no coating for many years
Coated both sides, won't rot underneath
Can be used on steep or flat roofs
Can be applied over old roofs
Elastic and Pliable
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Free Tuition. Excellent Equipment. Board $3.75 per week; lodging, heat, light, 84 cents per week.

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SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

—AND—

Dispensing Optician,

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co's are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Oculist's prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 8:30 a. m.—8:30 p. m.

WANTED

SUCCESSFUL boarding house-keeper to lease or manage successful country hotel. W. G. PECKHAM, Westerly, R. I.

10-17

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Smith—Your wife has a fine voice. Jones—Yes, one of the best in the world; otherwise it would have been worn out several years ago.

First Member—They say Homebully bosses his wife terribly. Second Member—Yes, he certainly wears the skirts.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"He has unbounded faith in himself."

"In other words, he has a monopoly of the faith in himself, eh?"

A Shell's Strange Exploit.

The late Major Merrill of Lawrence was well known in military circles all over the country. When the G. A. R encampment was held in Kansas City some years ago the soldiers of the east and those of the west vied with each other in telling stories of the war After listening to some pretty tough yarns Major Merrill related the following and carried off the honors:

"You know, boys, that I served throughout the war in a Massachusetts light battery. During the fighting at Malvern Hill our ammunition was running low, and I was sent to the rear for powder

"I had an open express wagon and four mules. I got about a ton and a half of loose powder into the wagon and started for the front. About halfway back to my battery a shell landed right in the middle of the powder, and, would you believe it, it burned up a bushel and a half before I could stamp out the fire!"—Boston Herald.

Monster Ant Hills.

West African ant hills are veritable giants, frequently standing forty feet high. These ant hills are shaped something like a sugar loaf and are divided inside into hundreds of tiny rooms They have, needless to say, myriads of inhabitants, and these are all busy making roads, gathering food and watching over the eggs and youngsters The natives are afraid to touch these hills, except from a distance, with firearms. The ants often make their strongholds around trees, and they are built very solidly, with sides sometimes twenty inches thick. The inside is hollow, and at the top there is a sort of attic. The "royal cell," where the queen ant lives, is always found on the ground floor. This good lady is a prisoner, but is carefully fed by her busy subjects, the eggs she lays being immediately carried away and deposited in "rooms" set apart for the purpose.—Wide World.

Your Own Body.

Think deliberately of the house you live in—your body. Make up your mind not to abuse it. Eat nothing that will hurt it; wear nothing that distorts or pains it. Do not overload it with victuals or drink or work. Give yourself regular and abundant sleep. Keep your body warmly clad. At the first signal of danger from any of the thousand enemies that surround you defend yourself. Do not take cold: guard yourself against it. If you feel the first symptoms, give yourself heroic treatment. Get into a fine glow of heat by exercise. This is the only body you will ever have in this world. A large share of pleasure and pain of life will come through the use you make of it. Study deeply and diligently the structure of it, the laws that should govern it, the pains and penalties that will surely follow a violation of every law of life or health.

A Merchant, Not a Beggar.

An American lady in Rome bought some matches from a little match vender. They were wax matches in little decorated boxes. She handed the boy a five soldi piece and expected to have two in change, but the little fellow shrugged his shoulders and held the change tightly in his hand, with a begging expression on his face, signifying that he wished to have it given to him, whereupon a second American lady who was accompanying the first straightened herself, looked sternly at the boy and said, "Mercante, non mendicante!" (You are a merchant, not a beggar.) That was an appeal to the boy's self respect, and it so inspired him that he actually laughed and pressed the change upon his customer.—Christian Herald.

A Paradox.

A maiden, well advanced in years, used to wait every morning for the postman, a bachelor of about her age, and ask him if there was not a letter for her. Several weeks passed thus, but the anxiously expected letter did not arrive. Finally, one morning the postman said to her: "Well, to-morrow you shall get you letter if I have to write it myself."

"That's right, do it," replied the old maid. "I shall be delighted to accept it."

"Well," said the postman, smiling, "what do you want me to write—a business or a love letter?"

"If you mean business, please write a love letter," was her blushing reply.—Answers.

There is a word in the English language the first two letters of which signify the male, the first three a female, the first four a great man and the whole a great woman. The word is "heroine."—Ladies' Home Journal.

"He seems horrified at the idea of poor people having moving pictures on Sunday."

"Yet he climbs into his automobile on Sunday and converts the landscape into a moving picture."

"Don't look so glum, Pilkerton. Use cheery words. They cost nothing."

"Cost nothing! If I speak ten cheery words to my wife she asks me for some money."

"I want a pair of button shoes for my wife."

"This way, sir. What kind did you wish, sir?"

"Doesn't matter—just so they don't button in the back."—Judge.

"If I take this young man, I will start him with a small sum weekly, but he'll have to find himself."

"Oh, that would never do! He is too absent-minded."

Elderly Aunt—My dear, I have just put you down in my will for $10,000. Her Niece—Oh, auntie, what can I say to thank you? How are you feeling today?—Life.

"He writes poetry by the yard."

"That's probably why his verse is so poor. Poetry should be written by the foot."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Hewett—I expect to leave footprints on the sands of time. Jewett—It takes sand to do it.—Woman's Home Companion.

"Many a woman's head has been turned by flattery," quoted the Wise Guy.

"Yes, almost as many as by peroxide," added the Simple Mug.—Philadelphia Record.

Splendid Ball at Lincoln's Second Inaugural

By WALTON WILLIAMS.

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WHEN Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated the second time the war was drawing to a close. In little more than one month the surrender at Appomattox would end serious resistance on the part of the south. Already it was apparent that the struggle was in its last stages. It was under peculiarly happy auspices, therefore, that the great war president was sworn in for a second term.

March 4, 1865, fell on Saturday. The weather for two or three days had been inclement. Washington was not paved then as it is today, and rain had filled the streets with mud. Nevertheless great throngs of people began arriving at the capital a week before the great day, and by Wednesday all the hotels and lodging houses were jammed, and the crowd began to overflow into Baltimore, where the hotels also rapidly filled.

The weather on Saturday morning was still threatening, and there was some rain. Despite this fact Pennsylvania avenue was lined with multitudes at an early hour, and persons had sought all sorts of points of vantage to view the parade.

Congress held an all night session to rush through belated legislation. Toward noon, as is the custom on inauguration days, the president was at the capitol signing bills. Therefore a committee of senators was sent for Mrs. Lincoln, but because of the crush she did not reach her seat until after the inaugural ceremony was over.

In the parade down the avenue the president sat in the foremost carriage with his secretary. Behind him came the vice president and vice president elect, the cabinet, senators and members of congress and other high dignitaries. The parade took an hour to pass a given point. Washington was filled with military officers and soldiers.

Preceding the president's arrival in the senate chamber Vice President Hamlin had sworn in his successor, Andrew Johnson, who had made a brief address. At this point Mr. Lincoln's tall form appeared, and after he was seated the line was formed leading to the temporary stand erected at the east portico. About this was assembled one of the largest crowds ever seen up to that time in Washington.

President Lincoln's second inaugural was brief, but was perhaps his most finished oration, not excepting that at Gettysburg. His voice carried far out over the crowd There was, of course, much applause, and all present were visibly touched by the beautiful closing paragraph beginning with the famous words, "With malice toward none, with charity for all."

The oath was administered by Chief Justice Chase, and as the tall form of the president bowed to kiss the Bible the cheers of the multitude broke forth and the guns about the capitol and throughout the city boomed forth the president's salute.

After the long procession had returned to the White House, where it was reviewed by the president, a reception was held at which it was estimated that 15,000 people were entertained.

Aside from the military character of the inauguration, one of the features most commented on was the presence of many negroes, this time as soldiers and citizens instead of chattels.

The inaugural ball was not held till Monday evening, March 6. It occurred, as usual, in the pension building. The New York Tribune of March 7 says of the affair:

"The inauguration ball in the pension building was a great success.

"At an early hour the ballroom was crowded, and before 10 o'clock many persons were retiring from the building, unwilling to endure the jam of the masses.

"The hall is beautifully decorated with national flags. The tables in the Ninth street wing are spread in the most sumptuous manner. The bands are filling the vast building with stirring music, and all goes merry as a marriage bell.

"Soon after 10 o'clock President Lincoln and lady, accompanied by Senator Sumner and Speaker Colfax, entered the ballroom and, being joined by many distinguished personages, promenaded the room.

"The committee of managers had so perfectly arranged the affair as to secure the most complete harmony in every part of the program. Though nearly 4,000 persons were present, there was not the least confusion either on the floor or in the halls.

"The president, vice president, the cabinet, Generals Halleck and Banks, Admiral Farragut and a large number of civil and military officers were conspicuous on the floor."

The accompanying picture was photographed from an etching of the scene made shortly after the event. In the foreground stands President Lincoln greeting a lady, and by his side is Vice President Andrew Johnson, whom a sad tragedy was soon to make president. To the right are seen General Grant, Secretary Stanton, Admiral Farragut, General Banks, General Butler and other distinguished figures. To the left stand Generals McDowell, Halleck and Burnside. Just in front of them and immediately behind the president is Mrs. Lincoln.

There may be at least one historical inaccuracy in the picture, as I can find no contemporary account that General Grant attended the ball, and he was then so conspicuous that his presence would surely have been noted. But the etching is valuable in giving the dress and atmosphere of the period, if for nothing else.

Ball at Lincoln's Second Inaugural

The Trouble With the World.

It was a frequent custom with Lincoln to carry his children on his shoulders. He rarely went down street that he did not have one of his younger boys mounted on his shoulder, while another hung to his coat. Roland Diller, who was a neighbor of Mr. Lincoln, told one of the best of the stories. He was called to the door one day, and there was Mr. Lincoln striding by with the boys, both of whom were wailing aloud. "Why, Mr. Lincoln, what's the matter with the boys?" he asked.

"Just what's the matter with the whole world," Lincoln replied. "I have three walnuts, and each wants two."

LINCOLN ON SECESSION.

Plainly the central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy. A majority held in restraint by constitutional checks and limitations, always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign of a free people. Whoever rejects it does, of necessity, fly to anarchy or to despotism. Unanimity is impossible. The rule of a minority, as a permanent arrangement, is wholly inadmissible, so that, rejecting the majority principle, anarchy or despotism in some form is all that is left.—From First Inaugural Address.

The Point of View.

"Say, pa, what is the difference between a visit and a visitation?" Fond Parent—A visit, my boy, is when you go to see your Grandmother Jones, and a visitation is when your Grandmother Jones comes to see us.—New York Times.

The wisest man cannot turn a good action into ridicule.—Euripides.

AT LINCOLN'S DEATHBED.

The first man of the group to break the silence in the chamber of death after the spirit of Abraham Lincoln had left its tenement of clay to go to the

"NOW HE BELONGS TO THE AGES."

God who gave it was Secretary of War Stanton, who, while looking intently on the pallid, calm features of this nation's first martyred president, said, "Now he belongs to the ages."

Then He Went.

"Ah," remarked Miss Weery, whom Mr. Staylate had been boring with old conundrums, "that last one reminds me of the best thing going"—

"What's that?" he asked eagerly.

"A man who has stayed too long."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Claflin's Story of Lincoln.

Ex-Governor Claflin was a personal friend of Lincoln and was in close touch with him during the exciting campaign of 1860. He had a rich fund of anecdotes, and his favorite was a story of Lincoln and Douglas.

Douglas, meeting Lincoln, made a characteristically unpleasant remark, saying:

"Why, Abe, I remember you when you were nothing but a young clerk peddling out goods at retail and selling liquor over the counter."

"Yes," answered Lincoln; "the only difference between you and me was that I was on one side of the counter and you were on the other."

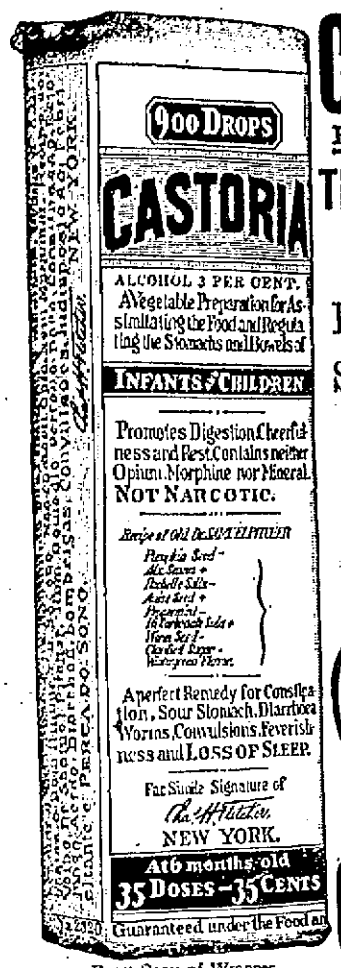
LINCOLN SAVED THE BUG.

Former Senator William E. Mason of Illinois told a story that illustrates Abraham Lincoln's innate kindness. According to Mason, Lincoln was driving along the road one day when he suddenly stopped the buggy. He saw a beetle on its back, struggling vainly to regain its feet. Lincoln got out of the carriage and turned the bug over. As he re-entered the buggy he said: "Well, I feel better. I have done a good act. I have given that bug an equal show with all the other bugs on the earth."

The Artist—I think I've got a good joke this time, what?

The Editor—You're right. It is a good joke. I always laugh at this one before I reject it. Done it for years.—Sketch.

The oyster in the stewpan stirred
Attended strictly to his biz
And never said a single word,
And yet see what his finish is!
—Washington Post.



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Blunders of French Writers.

Alexandre Dumas in his "Chevalier d'Hermental" made the excellent Buat declare in 1718 that his pupil "paints like Greuze," who was born seven years later. The same character admires the galleries of the Palais Royal, which were not built till sixty-two years later.

Balzac makes "Cousin Pons" buy a charming fan, "a divine chef d'oeuvre painted by Watteau and ordered by Mme. de Pompadour," who was born in the very year that the artist died.

Alphonse Daudet shows us in "Tartarin" 4,000 Arabs "smiling like lunatics till 600,000 white teeth glistened in the sun."

The Goncourts tell us in "Madame Gervaisais" that "what she lacked and was at a loss for was an absence of food to satisfy her appetite."

From Coppee we get "two twins, both of them eighteen years old."

Why the Deaf Are Grateful.

A pleasant contrast to the sad fate of Beethoven is furnished by Dr. Thirlwall, the radical bishop of St. David's, who wrote the history of Greece that held the field before the arrival of Grote. In his old age he became stone deaf, but, so far from fretting, declared that the infirmity was really a blessing, because it relieved him from the futile conversation of bores. One day a friend, forgetting the bishop's deafness, greeted him with the usual remark about the weather. "Eh?" queried the bishop. "It is a fine day," bellowed the friend repeatedly into the prelate's ear. When Thirlwall finally grasped the meaning of the remark he quietly philosophized: "Dear me! How little a man loses by being deaf."—London Chronicle.

Good and Bad Furniture.

The line between good ornament and bad ornament is the line between beauty and ugliness.

The only good furniture is that which is both beautiful and useful.

All furniture that lacks either beauty or usefulness is bad furniture.

Furniture that is well constructed, of good shape and excellent finish is good furniture, no matter how elaborately it may be decorated.

Furniture of bad shape or bad finish is bad furniture, no matter how free from meretricious mounts and carvings.—Country Life in America.

A Dainty Comparison.

Among the clever stories retailed at the Beefsteak club in London is a nice one of the florid lawyer who was counsel in an action for libel brought by a provision merchant against a local newspaper. He said in his address to the jury: "My client, gentlemen, is a cheesemonger, and the reputation of a cheesemonger in the city of London is like the bloom on a peach. Touch it, and it is gone forever."

Merely Obliging.

Magistrate—You gave this young woman such a hit on the face that she can't see out of her eyes. What have you to say for yourself? Accused—Well, she often told me she didn't want to see me any more.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Voice Escaped.

Host (to the tenor who has just fallen downstairs on his head) For heaven's sake! Are you injured? Tenor (testing his voice)—La, la, la! No thank you.—Fliegende Blatter.

But It Didn't.

"Freddie, why did you drop the baby on the floor?"

"Well, I heard everybody say it is a bouncing baby, and I wanted to see it bounce."—Exchange.

Necessary Adjunct.

Legal—Oh, the law in that shape will never do. Lite—Why, what ails it? It's as simple and plain as I can make it. Legal—Heavens, man! Do you want to destroy our profession? If you rob law of its mysteries, what is to become of us?—Chicago News.

He Was Old Enough.

The late Homer Lea, who did so much to organize the army of the Chinese republic, was a man who saw little actual service in spite of his title of "general." He was fond of relating the story of his first military command, by which he received this prefix. He was then a young man whose only claim to military distinction was a book knowledge of the theory of warfare. It was said of him that he knew every detail of all Napoleon's battles. Upon his arrival in China he went to the taotai at Canton and asked that he be made general of all the troops in the province. Lea's youth and his figure, for he was a hunchback, did not conduce to make much of an impression upon the astute old Chinese official. "How old are you?" he asked. "The same age as Napoleon when he won the battle of Austerlitz," answered Lea. He got the job.—New York Tribune.

An Optical Illusion.

An interesting optical experiment may be made with the ordinary incandescent light. Gaze steadily at the light for a few seconds, then suddenly extinguish it. The experiment is best performed in a very dark room. In about half a minute you will see the perfect image of the light, with the fine strands of wire plainly visible. It will be red at first. In a few minutes it will turn purple and then a bright blue. Later it will apparently move to the right. As you turn your gaze it will continue moving to the right. If you keep your gaze fixed, it will come back. It is surprising how long the illusion will last. It will be seen for fully five minutes, perhaps longer, and if you turn on the light and look away from it you will see the old image for several minutes, though more faintly than in the darkness.

Turkish Ways.

Turkey's government used at one time to make foreign envoys in Constantinople conform in some degree to Mussulman customs. They were not allowed to appear in public accompanied by their wives, as this practice might have caused heartburnings among the native women, who could never hope to be treated on an equality with their husbands. Endeavors were also made at one time to extend Mohammed's prohibition of wine to foreign diplomats. This was found impossible, but until the end of the eighteenth century all the wine consigned to them had to be conveyed from the harbor in the dead of the night, so that the faithful should not be contaminated by seeing the accursed liquor.—Chicago News.

The Power of Water.

A sure thing wager sprung on curious visitors by the engineers of some of the big water power projects of the far west is that a 200 pound man, swinging a four pound ax with all his might, cannot make a dent in the water as it emerges from the nozzle at the power house. Burying an ax in a stream of water looks like child's play, and the average 200 pound visitor is likely to bite. He invariably loses. So great is the velocity of the water emerging from the nozzle in these up to date power plants that an ax, no matter how keen an edge it may have, is whirled from the hands of the strenuous axman at the instant of contact with the water. The water travels at a pressure of about 500 pounds to the square inch in many instances, and no power on earth can turn it off at the nozzle once it gains momentum. It has the same effect on one's fingers as a rough emery wheel and will shave a plank with the nicety of a razor edged plane. When, as frequently happens, it is necessary to shut down a power plant operated by one of these streams the nozzle is deflected by means of a powerful set of gears.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
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Not at Home.

An elderly man, shabbily attired, was seen walking through one of the fashionable streets in a large city, one cold December morning, supported by a large staff, which he firmly grasped in one hand, while from the other swung his bundle, wrapped up in a coarse cotton handkerchief. His coat was of coarse gray, and had evidently seen hard service, though perfectly whole and neat. The traveler walked slowly along, carefully examining the door plates. He finally paused before a door of showy exterior, which, if we credit the testimony of the plate upon the door, was occupied by Alexander Beaumont.

"Alexander Beaumont! Yes, that's the house," muttered the traveler to himself, as he ascended the stairs and rang the doorbell.

His summons was answered by a servant, who, after a moment's scrutiny, which apparently was not of a very favorable character, said, roughly:

"Well, sir, what do you want?"

"Is Mr. Beaumont at home?" asked the old gentleman, without heeding the intentional rudeness.

"No, sir, he is out."

"Then perhaps I can see his wife?"

"I think it is very doubtful, but I will see," and the servant withdrew, without inviting the man to enter, though the day was cold, and his clothes seemed hardly sufficient to protect him from its inclemency.

Mrs. Beaumont was reclining on an ottoman, in a room handsomely furnished. The last new magazine was in her hand, and her eyes were listlessly glancing over its pages. She was interrupted in her reading by the

"Well, what now, Betty?" she inquired.

"There's a man down stairs that wants to see you, ma'am."

"Man! gentleman, you mean."

"No, ma'am," said Betty, stoutly, for she well understood what made up gentleman in the conventional sense of the term; "he's not a gentleman at all, for he's got an old gray coat and does not wear gloves."

"What does he want of me?"

"I don't know, sure; he inquired after Mr. Beaumont, first."

"You didn't bring him into the parlor, did you?"

The girl shook her head.

"You did right, and you'd better tell him I'm not at home."

"Mrs. Beaumont is not at home," said Betty, repairing to the door.

"That means she is engaged," said the old man; "but I believe she will let me in when she knows who I am. Tell her that I am her husband's uncle and that my name is Henry Beaumont."

"That old rag-tag master's uncle," said Betty, wonderingly, as she ascended the stairs.

"Good heavens!" said her mistress "if it isn't that old vagrant who strolled off many years ago, nobody knows where. I did not hope he'd never return again. And now, I suppose, he is as poor as a rat and wants help. Well, he won't get it if I can help but I suppose I must go down and see him."

The lady descended, fully prepared to give him a frigid reception.

"If I am not mistaken, it is my nephew Alexander's wife."

"You are right, sir. I am the wife of Mr. Alexander Beaumont, and I suppose from your language you are—"

"His uncle, Henry. Ah, me! I have been gone a great many years and it does me good to return once more among my kindred."

The old man leaned on his staff, and his features worked convulsively as thoughts of the past came over his mind. Mrs. Beaumont stood holding the door as if waiting for him to depart. She did not give him an invitation to enter.

"Is your husband well?" inquired the visitor, looking in, as if he expected an invitation to enter and refresh himself after his walk by an interval of rest.

"He is not. If you have any message for him you may leave it with me and I will deliver it," said Mrs. Beaumont, desirous of ridding herself of the intruder as soon as possible.

"You may tell him that I have called," said the old man in a disappointed tone, "and that I would like to have seen him."

"I will tell him," and Mrs. Beaumont was about to close the door.

"Hold! There is but one question more, what has become of Alexander's sister Anna?"

"She? I don't know much about her" was the rather disdainful reply; "but I believe she married a clerk, mechanic or some such person. His name is Lowe, and he lives in Norton street. Is that all?"

"That is all," and the old man turned his steps toward the street indicated, with many forebodings lest his second visit be as unwelcome as his first appeared to be.

"Betty," said Mrs. Beaumont, "if that old fool comes here again, be sure and tell him I am not at home."

Norton street was not a fashionable street nor was the two-story building occupied by William Lowe either fashionable or costly. It was marked, however, by an air of neatness, which indicated that its tenants were not regardless of outer appearance.

We will take the liberty to introduce the reader into a sitting room, where Mrs. Lowe and her three children were seated. A plain, serviceable carpet covered the floor, and the remainder of the furniture, though of a kind which could hardly be selected for a drawing room, had a comfortable, home-like appearance, which simply satisfied the desire of those who derived their happiness from a higher and less natural source than outside show.

Mrs. Lowe was seated in a rocking chair, engaged in an employment which I am aware is tabooed in all fashionable society. I mean darning stockings.

Emma, a girl of 10, was brushing up the hearth, while the ashes of the grate, in which a blazing fire was burning, had somewhat disordered, while Mary, who was 8, was reading. Charley a little rogue of 5, with a smiling face, which could not help looking roguish, was stroking the cat the wrong way, to the disturbance of poor Tabby that had quietly settled herself down to dream of happiness on the hearth rug.

All at once a knock was heard at the door.

"Emma," said the mother, "you may go to the door and see who it is."

Emma obeyed her mother's directions.

"Is Mrs. Lowe at home?" inquired Henry Beaumont—for it was he.

"Yes, sir," said Emma, "please walk in and you may see her."

So she ushered the old man into the comfortable sitting room.

Mrs. Lowe rose to receive him.

"I believe," said he, "that I am not mistaken in thinking that your name before marriage was Anna Beaumont."

"You are right, sir; that was my name."

"And you have no recollection of an uncle who wandered away from home and friends, and from whom no tidings have come for many a long year?"

"Yes, sir, I remember him well—my uncle Henry, and I have many times wished I could learn a meeting of him. Can you give me any information?"

"I can, for I am he."

"You my uncle!" said Mrs. Lowe in surprise; "then you are indeed welcome. Emma, bring your uncle the arm chair, and Mary, bring your father's slippers, for I am sure that your uncle must long to get off his heavy boots. And now, uncle, when you are thoroughly rested, I must demand a recital of your adventures."

"But your mother, Alexander," interrupted Mr. Beaumont, "tell me first to inquire about her. Does she live in this city, does she—"

"Yes," said Mrs. Lowe, "she does live in the city, yet I regret to say aspect, I seldom or never see him. He has succeeded well, and is wealthy; but ever since he married a wife with a small property, and a greater pride, he has kept aloof from us. I don't blame him so much as his wife, who is said to have great influence over him. I have called once, but she treated me so coldly that I have no desire to renew my visit."

"I can easily believe it, for I, too, have been repulsed," was the reply.

"You repulsed. Did you give your name and inform her of your relation to her husband?"

"I did; but she was evidently anxious for me to be gone; I took the hint, and here I am."

"At least, uncle," said Mrs. Lowe, smiling, "you need fear no repulse here."

"Of that I am quite sure," said the old gentleman, looking affectionately into the face of his niece. "But you have not told me of your husband. Let me know if you have a made good match," he added, playfully.

"That depends upon what is meant by the term. If it implies a rich husband, then I failed most certainly, for William's salary is only $800 a year, and that is what we have to depend upon. But that I care not for. A kind and affectionate husband is of far more worth than a magnificent dwelling and very costly furniture."

"You are right," said her uncle, warmly, and I infer that your husband is of such a character."

"He is, in truth."

"Still," continued her uncle, "are there not some things which your limited means will not permit you to obtain, but which would be desirable?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Lowe, "I am anxious to give Emma and Mary a musical education, but William's means will not allow of such a piece of extravagance as the purchase of a piano; so that is one of the things that we must be content to deny ourselves."

Mr. Lowe then entered, and being informed of the character of his visitor extended a warm welcome. A comfortable repast was soon spread, of which Mr. Beaumont partook heartily: His spirits rose, and he seemed to grow younger as he saw the cheerful faces around him, and he felt himself at home. Soon after the evening meal he arose to go.

"Surely you are not going?" said his neice; "you must take up your abode with me."

"We will see about that, and if you don't think you will get tired of me, perhaps I'll come. But I have hired a lodging, and must un doubtedly remain in it a few days."

"But you must call in every day and make yourself at home, even before you come here to stay," persuaded his niece.

"Be assured of that."

In accordance with his promise, Mr. Beaumont made his appearance the next day at about 11 o'clock, and was received as cordially as before. He had hardly been in the house a quarter of an hour when a loud rap was heard at the door. Mrs. Lowe answered it. She beheld two men who had driven up in a wagon.

"Where is this piano to be put, ma'am?" they inquired.

"Piano! You have made a mistake, for we have not purchased a piano."

"Isn't your name Lowe?"

"Yes."

"Then it's all right. Jim, bear a hand, for it's confounded heavy."

"But I am sure there must be some mistake," insisted the perplexed Mrs. Lowe.

"Not at all," said a voice behind her. She turned around in amazement.

"You know," continued the uncle, "that I am going to come here and live with you, and I thought I would pay my board, that's all. As you expressed a wish yesterday for a piano, I thought it would be as acceptable a way as any."

"You, uncle! Why, excuse me, but I thought from—from—"

"You mean," said he smilingly, "that I could not afford it. And I confess," said he, casting a glance in the glass, "that my dress is not in the extreme of fashion, and in fact I was obliged to look some time when I called at the second-hand clothing store before I found these. However, as I have got all the service that I wish out of them, I will throw them aside tomorrow and appear rather more respectably clad."

"What are you wealthy, uncle?"

"Depend upon it, Anna, I didn't spend 10 years in the East Indies for nothing," was the reply.

"I had a mind, however, to put on the appearance of a poor man, and test the affections and disinterestedness of my relations. One of them, however," he added significantly, "I found not at home; I am happy to find myself at home with the other."

Let us return to the aristocratic Mrs. Beaumont, who, a few mornings succeeding the events here recorded, was in her drawing room receiving calls.

"By the way," said a fashionable visitor "I am to have your relatives, the Lowes, for our next door neighbors!"

"Next door neighbors!" exclaimed Mrs. Beaumont in amazement "what do you mean?"

"Is it possible you have not heard of their good fortune? Mrs. Lowe's uncle has just returned from the East Indies with an immense fortune. He has taken her a house in the same row with ours and when they have moved into it he will take up his residence with them. Meanwhile he is stopping at the R—— house."

"What! Henry Beaumont?"

"The same; but I thought you knew it."

When the visitor withdrew, Mrs. Beaumont ordered a carriage, and immediately drove to the hotel where her husband's uncle was stopping. She sent up her card and requested an interview.

The servant soon returned with a card on which were traced the significant words: "Not at home."

"John, what does it mean to 'play' a fish before landing it?"

"You know how you refused me four times before you accepted me and married me. It's the same thing."

Unpublished Lincoln Story.

The American Magazine for February has got hold of a long letter written in 1866 by Allan Pinkerton, the famous detective, in which Pinkerton tells to the world for the first time the story of his connection with the plot to assassinate Lincoln at Baltimore on his way to Washington in February, 1861. Pinkerton discovered the plot and saved Lincoln's life. He accompanied Lincoln from Philadelphia to Washington, and of his experiences with Lincoln in the train he writes in part:

"Mr. Lincoln wore an overcoat thrown loosely around his shoulders, without inserting his arms in the sleeves, and a black Kossuth hat, which, he told me, some ardent supporter had presented to him during the campaign. He took a seat with Mr. Lamon and myself, Mr. Kenney, the superintendent of the P. W. & B. railroad, sharing the seat with the driver overhead.

"As it was too early for us to approach the P. W. & B. depot, Mr. Kenney had the driver take us around the city until it was just about time to reach the depot five minutes after the train was due to leave.

"We left the carriage at a dark spot a short distance from the depot; and, Mr. Lamon keeping a little in the rear of Mr. Lincoln and myself, the latter leaning upon my arm, and stooping somewhat so as to diminish his height as much as possible, we passed rapidly through the depot, entered the sleeping-car, and within two minutes—Mr. Kenney, meanwhile, having delivered the package of valuable papers to the conductor, John Linzenburg—the train was in motion, and we were speeding along towards Baltimore.

"None of the party slept any. At Havre de Grace, on my return inside the car, after having been out to see if my signals were all right, Mr. Lincoln remarked: 'They say we are at Havre de Grace, and are moving along well. I understand we are on time.'

"Although Mr. Lincoln did not sleep, he was by no means restless. I could not then, nor have I since been able to understand how anyone, under like circumstances, could have manifested such complete mental composure and cheerful spirits as he exhibited during the entire journey. On arriving at the Baltimore and Ohio depot in Baltimore, we had a wait of about half an hour. Here I again left the car, but remained outside only long enough to satisfy myself that everything was all right.

"It was now about 4 o'clock. When I returned everybody in the car seemed to be asleep but our party. Presently the train rolled out of the depot, and we were at last bound for Washington. All the night through Mr. Lincoln, being unable to sleep, had been telling us jokes and stories, of which he seemed to have an endless store, in a voice so low no one heard him but Lamon and me.

"As the train neared the Capital City (it was then daylight, and we were making the necessary preparation for our orderly appearance on our arrival at the Washington depot), Mr. Lincoln yawned, and, turning toward Lamon and me, said with a smile, 'Well, boys, thank God this prayer-meeting's over.' Then he told a story to emphasize the fact that he was now at the end of his perilous journey and no longer needed our aid or companionship.

"A steamboat, on one occasion, ran into a sand-bar in the river with such force and became so deeply embedded in the obstruction, it was found impossible, with the methods and appliances then in vogue, to move her. The only other remedy left was to wait—and no one could tell how long that would be—till the high waters should come and float her away.

"Meanwhile there happened to be a revival in progress at the church in a village on shore, opposite the point where the helpless vessel lay. Yielding to the entreaties of the church people, the captain one day consented that a prayer-meeting might be held in the cabin or large room of the boat. The meeting had not progressed very far until the vessel, yielding to the movements of the crowd and the additional weight at one end, began to lurch slightly, and presently slid off the offending sand-bar.

"In an instant she floated away into deep water. At that particular moment an old brother, with eyes closed, was on his knees sending up a long and fervent petition to the Almighty. The captain's joy knew no bounds. Without waiting for the good brother to finish his prayer, the former mounted a chair, and cried out at the top of his voice, 'Get off this boat, every d——d one of you; this prayer-meetings ended.'

"At the depot, awaiting us as the train rolled in, were Mr. Washburn, of Illinois, and Senator Seward. We then proceeded at once to Willard's Hotel, where Mr. Lincoln registered his own name and that of Mr. Lamon and myself, and was assigned rooms, though not those he expected he would have, as he had arrived somewhat in advance of the appointed time. During the morning after the news of his arrival had spread, there was more or less excited talk.

"Few men were willing to believe he had actually reached the city, and many were the vile and bitter imprecations I heard heaped upon his head while mingling with the crowds in the hotels and public places of that rebellious city. Its people, as a rule, appeared absurdly more favorable to the Union than in Baltimore, Mrs. Lincoln, accompanied by Mr. Judd and the rest of the party, followed in due time.

"Before they left Harrisburg, the news had been telegraphed all over the country of the safe arrival of the president-elect in Washington. In passing through Baltimore, they met with anything but a cordial reception.

"At Mr. Lincoln's suggestion, I returned to Baltimore that afternoon for the purpose of learning whether those who sought his life in that city might not amend their plot so as to attempt to destroy him on the day of his inauguration; and I accordingly remained there till after the latter event had taken place."

Where the Strain Was.

Among the ancestors of Wendell Phillips were several Puritan clergymen. Perhaps it was a push of heredity which made him, at five years of age, a preacher. His congregation was composed of circles of chairs, arranged in his father's parlor, while a taller chair, with a Bible on it, served him for a pulpit. He would harangue these wooden auditors by the hour.

"Wendell," said his father to him one day, "don't you get tired of this?"

"No, papa," wittily replied the boy preacher; "I don't get tired, but it is rather hard on the chairs."

Gibbs—How would you like to be a presidential possibility?

Dibbs—Possibility? Why, man, when I was a boy it was a sure thing.—Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.

Up Against the Judge.

He was a Scottish advocate, and in his pleading he had several times pronounced the word "enow" for "enough."

"Mr. ——," the judge remarked at length, "in England we sound the 'ough' as uff,—'enuff,' not 'enow.'"

"Verra weel, my lord," continued the self possessed pleader, "of this we have said enuff, and I come, my lord, to the subdivision of the land in dispute. It was apportioned, my lord, not what in England would be called plufflland—a pluffland being as much land as a pluffman can pluff in one day, and pluffmen"—

But the lordship could not withstand the ready repartee and burst into a laugh, saying:

"Pray proceed, Mr. ——. We know enow of the Scottish language to understand your argument."—London Tit-Bits.

Just Thinking.

A well-known Liverpool clergyman, the Rev. James Hamilton, tells a story of a disturbing experience in Shetland.

Accompanied by a local youth, Mr. Hamilton was out fishing for sea trout when his foot slipped on a stone and he overbalanced. Encumbered with heavy waders, which quickly filled with water, Mr. Hamilton was in considerable danger of drowning. After a good deal of struggling, however, he managed to reach safety, though in a very exhausted state.

When he recovered his breath, he remarked reproachfully to the youth, who had stood placidly watching him: "I notice you never tried to help me."

"No," came the slow reply; "but it wasna because I wasna thinkin' o't."

Retaliation.

Two young ladies entered a trolley car and found only standing room.

"I'm going to get a seat," said one to her companion. "Now, you see."

Selecting a sedate-looking gentleman, she walked up to him.

"My dear Mr. Green, how delighted I am to meet you. You are almost a stranger. Will I accept your seat? Well, I do feel tired, I admit. Thank you so much."

The man arose.

"Sit down, Jane, my girl," said he, as he courteously pointed to the vacant seat. "Don't often see you out on a washing day. You must feel tired, I'm sure. How's your mistress?"—Exchange.

Just Dissolved.

"So you've broken off your engagement with Miss Smarte?" asked the inquisitive friend.

His victim shook his head.

"No," he replied, "I didn't break it off."

"Oh, then she broke it off?"

"No," answered the young man, enjoying his friend's growing wonder.

"But it is broken off, isn't it?" persisted the curious one.

"Oh, yes," explained the young man gently. "She told me what her dressmaker's yearly bill was and I told her what my income was. Then our engagement just sagged in the middle and gently dissolved."

Gentlemen's Valuables.

So many men to whom the city missionary has given money for a night's lodging and expressed a preference for a certain East side lodging house that he wondered what constituted its particular attraction.

"It makes us feel self-respecting," the men said when questioned.

So far as the missionary could see, it was a typical lodging house. He appealed to the manager. By what method did he fan the fires of self-respect in his guests. The manager pointed to a sign:

"Gentlemen are requested to leave their valuables with the clerk."—New York Times.

Dangerous Oratory.

A young lawyer had been appointed by the court to defend a man charged with larceny. In his argument to the jury he pleaded for the acquittal of his client. He told of his innocent boyhood days, of good character of his father, mother and brothers. In short he launched forth into a family history.

The prisoner, an old darky, had listened with growing uneasiness to his counsel's plea, and as the attorney went on without a hint of stopping, the negro was driven to desperation. Jumping to his feet, he yelled to the court:

"I'a guilty, yo' honah; I'a guilty! De jury can't do no mosh dan send me to jail fo' six months, but if dat fool lawyer doan stop, dey'll hang me, fo' sumah!"—Magazine of Fun.

Fisherman's Luck.

Mr. Brown took a day off and went down into New Jersey to fish. He found a promising pond and fished for three hours without getting a single bite.

A little former boy watched him most of the time. Finally, when Brown's patience was exhausted, he said, querulously to the boy:

"Are there any fish in this pond at all?"

"If there are any," the boy answered "they must be awful small, sir; for there wasn't any water at all here until it rained yesterday."—Maine Woods.

Little Elizabeth Knew.

Uncle Jack, who was visiting for Christmas holidays from the West, wished to talk to Elizabeth's father at his office. He could not find the telephone directory and thus appealed to 8-year-old Elizabeth for information regarding the telephone number.

"Elizabeth, what does mother ask for when she talks to daddy at his office?" he inquired.

"Money," she replied.—Christian World.

Good Cause For It.

"A friend of mine who visits that newly married couple saw the husband the other day throwing stones at his wife."

"Good heavens! Was she hurt?"

"Not a bit of it. She was just tickled to death. They were diamonds."—Baltimore American.

"Has anything ever been discovered on Venus?" asked the student of astronomy.

"No," asked the old professor, whose mind had slipped a cog and transported him into mythological field, "not if the pictures of her are authentic!"

Taking No Chances.

"Is Mrs Tracey in?" the caller asked. The hired girl looked her over with suspicion.

"Are you an agent for the rough dry laundry?" she asked.

"No, indeed."

"You ain't introducing any foolish labor saving patents for the kitchen, are you?"

"No."

"The reason I ask," the girl explained, "is that a lady I let in yesterday turned out to be selling electric wringers and I heard her tell Mrs. Tracey that half the society women of the Oranges had bought her machines and let their help go. But if you're just a plain caller you can come in."—Newark News.

Prepared For Him.

"This is the opportunity of a lifetime, madam," declared the sanguine-tongued canvasser as he stood at the door.

"Seems to me I've heard that before," thought the housewife.

"Opportunity knocks at everyone's door—but only once," continued the caller.

"That's where you're mistaken young fellow," snapped the woman as she reached behind her. "Opportunity has knocked at my door eight times this week so far. Jest in case he should knock again, I have been savin' this kettle o' hot suds—"

But Opportunity departed hurriedly.—London Opinion.

Jimmy said, "My pa is a church member."

"So is mine," boasted Henry.

"He ain't neither. My pa says your pa don't come to church, and even when he does he doesn't put anything in the collection box."

"Huh! My pa is an honorary member' and honorary members don't gather chip in."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"A proposal of marriage is a serious matter. You first have the ordeal of asking the girl——"

"Then of asking her father's, to boot——"

"No, no! A fellow can't stand everything. When it comes to a question of her father's foot, there's a kick coming."

"Have you any trouble gettin' to the openin' game, Mickey?"

"Nope. I just goes."

"Don't th' boss fire you?"

"Sure he does. An' de boss nex' door fires me fren' Skippy. Den Skippy takes me job an' I takes Skippy's."

Patience—That woman is a real benefactor.

Patrice—How so?

"Because she made two smiles come where one came before."

"How did she manage it?"

"She donned a harem skirt!"—Yonkers Statesman.

He—My dear, you talked in your sleep a long time last night.

She—What did I talk about?

He—Why, it seemed to be mainly abuse of me.

She—I wasn't asleep.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hunting Squire Murphy, you told me there was good hunting on your land. Why, we've been here an hour and haven't even seen any game. Murphy—Just so, sir. But the less game the more hunting you have.—London Tit-Bits.

"Why did you jilt that man who wanted to marry you?"

"Because," replied the prima donna, "I couldn't decide whether he was in love with me or merely wanted to hear me sing for nothing."—Exchange.

"We'd better be good," said one of the five-year-old twins.

"Why?" asked the other.

"'Cause I heard the doctor tell mamma to take plenty of exercise," was the reply.—Chicago News.

"Yes, papa is going to buy me a battleship."

"Good gracious! I beg your pardon, what for?"

"I want to use its deck for a dancing party."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Is she really an expert stenographer?"

"Well, no. But she's as expert as you could expect a girl of her beauty to be."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"The Goldekins are always on the safe side."

"So?"

"Yes. They have invited their friends to be present at their guaranteed pure silver wedding."

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1655.

As a girl grows older she becomes wiser and quits wearing so many pins in the vicinity of her waist line.

The new combination of Smart Weed and Belladonna, as used in Carter's Backache Plasters, has proved to be one of the best that could be made. Try one of these popular plasters in any case of weak or Lame back, backache, rheumatism, neuralgia, soreness of the chest or lungs, and you will be surprised and pleased by the prompt relief. In bad cases of chronic dyspepsia, a plaster over the pit of the stomach stops the pain at once. Ask for Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents.

Happy the man who early learns the wide chasm that lies between his wishes and his powers.—Goethe.

The action of Carter's Little Liver Pills is pleasant, mild and natural. They gently stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels, but do not purge. They are sure to please. Try them.

Distinction is the consequence, never the object of a great mind.—Alston.

For any case of nervousness, sleeplessness, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, try Carter's Little Nerve Pills. Relief is sure. The only nerve medicine for the price in market.

Good intentions will never justify bad actions.

Mrs. Chas. Smith of Jones, Okla, writes: I have used every remedy for sick headache I could hear of for the past fifteen years, but Carter's Little Liver Pills did me more good than all the rest.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

All Sorts.

Customer—Let me see the heaviest thing you have in dress goods.

Proprietor Borry, but she's just out at lunch.—Stray Stories.

"Maud is in a pretty bad fix."

"What's the trouble?"

"Tom says if she marries him he'll reform, and Jack says if she don't he'll go to the dogs."

Another thing we missed in the happy days when we were an innocent little boy was the opportunity to look forward hopefully to being an automobile bandit when we grew up.—Ohio State Journal.

Wife—See what I've got for Christmas dear; this lovely armchair for your den.

Hub—Splendid! How much did I pay for it?

"Men are like corks," says a Kensington spinster. "Some will pop and others have to be drawn out."—Philadelphia Record.

Miss Exe (meeting friend)—Good morning, Mr. Wye; it's a beautiful day, isn't it?

Mr. Wye—It is, indeed, my dear Miss Exe, and you harmonize with it perfectly.—Boston Transcript.

"That man is not a very good logician, but he is a most impressive talker."

"Yes" replied Senator Sorghum; "he is what the musicians refer to as a performer with more temperament than technique."—Washington Star.

"Is Blinks in straightened circumstances?"

"Yes; he couldn't even pay a compliment."—Buffalo Express.

"See how I can count, mamma," said Kitty. "There's my right foot. That's one. There's my left foot. That's two. Two and one make three. Three feet makes a yard, and I want to go out and play in it!"—Chicago Tribune.

"He married his affinity."

"He did?"

"Yes!"

"Mercy! I never heard of such a thing."

"Why shouldn't he?"

"But they aren't affinities after they are married."

"Do you think it's unlucky to have 13 at table?"

"Not if the 13th is paying for the dinner."—Judge.

"I put an ad in the paper for a husband last week." "Any answers?" "I got 475 letters from different women begging me to take theirs."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Jinks—He's a regular cabbage head, isn't he?

Winks—Oh, no; a head is worth 10 cents, and he isn't.

Elsie—Mamma, are marriages made in heaven?

Mrs. Pimpleton—Yes, dear.

"Have I got to wait that long?"

Mary Doesn't Ida keep her hard wood floors in beautiful condition? Alice—Perfect! Everyone who goes there is carried out with a fracture or dislocation.—Harper's Bazar.

"I understand you have just bought an automobile?" "Yes. I saw seven of them causing one pedestrian the other day and I decided that I was on the wrong end of the sport."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"Are you ambitious to die rich?" "I'm not ambitious to die in any condition."—Detroit Free Press.

Wife—Everything is getting higher. Husband—Oh, I don't know. There's your opinion of me, and my opinion of you, and the neighbors' opinion of both of us.—Chicago News.

"Bobby, you must go to church with me this morning." "Mamma, why don't you say 'Bobby, wouldn't you like to go to church with me?'" "Well, Bobby, wouldn't you like to go to church with me this morning?" "Nope."—Chicago Tribune.

"Well, Tommy, what did you think of Venice?"

"Oh, I'll never forget Venice!"

"No doubt you were profoundly impressed. What did you see there?"

"I saw the little girl who lives near me, back in Oklahoma City."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Missouri lawyer in pleading a wife's divorce case stated that her husband "undertook to poison her without just cause."

Mrs. Atkins—What are you going to give her for a wedding present?

Mrs. Watkins—I don't know yet. I am looking around for something that will look as if it cost $10 that I can get for 97 cents.

Little Grace—My father works in a bank. What does yours do?

Little Eva—Whatever mamma says.—Philadelphia Record.

First Pupil—What makes you so late?

Second Pupil—I had words with the teacher.

First Pupil—Yes.

Second Pupil—But I could not spell them.—Judge.

Louie—Uncle, what is the meaning of chagrin?

Uncle—Well, its what a fat man feels when he runs fast and jumps on a cat that doesn't start for 10 minutes.

Cholly Bullseye—Did you ever dream of me, Miss Ball?

Miss Minnie Ball—Yes; two nights running; and the third—

Cholly Bullseye—So delightful. And the third?

Miss Minnie Ball—I took an opiate.—Puck.

Binky—What is your idea of an easy job?

Dinky—Why, either a fireman for a wireless telegraph company or picking flowers from century plants.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Do you think only of me?" murmured the bride. "Tell me that you think only of me."

"It's this way," explained the groom gently. "Now and then I have to think of the furnace, my dear."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Oversight—Judge—You are charged with breaking a chair over this man's head.

Prisoner—I didn't mean to break the chair, yer worship.—Judge.

Croakley—The white carnation is the emblem of Mother's day. Is there any flower that is worn on Father's day?

Jaakley—Yes. I think it is the poppy.—Judge.

Minister—What are you doing this morning, children?

Little Girl—Sh—Tommy's praying for an automobile and I'm going after gasoline.—Life.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.
Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1913.

NOTES.

OLD NEWPORT CEMETERIES—Inscriptions in possession of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T. Continued.

Odlin, Elisha, of John and Lydia, d. May 15, 1691, ag. 7 mos.—Common ground.

Odlin, John, Sr., d. Dec. 18, 1711, ag. 70 yrs. 6 mos.—Common ground.

Odlin, Mr. John, d. June 29, 1738, ag. 72 yrs.—Common ground.

Odlin, John, of John and Elizabeth, d. Aug. 9, 1719, ag. 5 mos.—Common ground.

Odlin, John, of John and Lydia, d. Sept. 15, 1690, ag. 1 y. 7 mos.—Common ground.

Odlin, John, of John and Lydia, d. Sept. 10, 1700, ag. 3 y. 5 mos.—Common ground.

Odlin, Jonathan, of John and Elizabeth, d. Jan. 13, 1717-18, ag. 18 mos—Common ground.

Odlin, Josiah, of John and Elizabeth, d. Sept. 1, 1715, ag. 11 mos. 19 d.—Common ground.

Odlin, Lydia, wife of John, d. May 30, 1707, ag. 41 yrs.—Common ground.

Odlin, Martha, wife of John, Sr., d. Dec. 11, 1711, ag. 71.—Common ground.

Odlin, Mary, of John and Lydia, d. Mar. 6, 1703, ag. 9 y. 7 mos.—Common ground.

Odlin, Sarah, of John and Elizabeth, d. 1714, ag. 2 y. 6 mos.—Common ground.

Oldfield, Joseph, of Capt. John and Anne, d. Oct. 15, 1757, ag. 11 d.—Common ground.

Oldfield, Martha, of Capt. John and Anne, d. Ap. 20, 1756, ag. 28 y.—Common ground.

Oldfield, Mary, of Capt. John and Anne, d. Sept. 10, 1765, ag. 2 y. 2 m. 25 d.—Common ground.

Oldfield, Mary, of Capt. John and Anne, d. Jan. 2, 1792, ag. 20 yrs.—Common ground.

Oldfield, Sarah, of Capt. John and Anne, d. May 18, 1794, ag. 18 y.—Common ground.

Oliver, Robert, (Footstone) 1743.—Common ground.

Oman, Rebecca, of Henry and Rebecca, d. Sept. 27, 1774, ag. 13 m. 3 d.—Common ground.

Omey, Mary, wife of Philip, d. Jan. 14, 1769, ag. 76 yrs.—Common ground.

Osbon, Margaret, wife of Henry, d. Sept. 22, 1741, ag. 48 y.—Common ground.

Osbon, Samuel, of Henry and Margaret, d. — 18, 1727, ag. 1 y. 10 m.—Common ground.

Osband, Nathaniel, d. Feb. 16, 1717, ag. 63 y.—Common ground.

Osband, Patience, daughter of John, d. Sept. 6, 1727, ag. 12 y.—Common ground.

To be continued.

CARD.—An interesting portrait has recently been added to the collection of the Newport Historical Society. It is the portrait of James Card, Jr., of Newport, who died in Honduras, 1772, and was the gift of Miss Sallie Swan. The following article, reprinted from the MERCURY of May 23, 1885, is of interest.

Newport as an English Town, from Newport MERCURY, May 23, 1885. Notes by JAMES SWAN.

"We have the papers of quite a number of other persons who lived more than a hundred years ago, and among them are those of one, a part of whose somewhat eventful life was passed on board vessels engaged in the slave trade. This man was named James Card, Jun., and he belonged in Newport, and his portrait hangs near the alarm clock, owned by Jas. Wilson in 1767, and previously referred to James Card, Jun., was a rover of the seas, which he appears to have very early in life taken most kindly to, and by this means saw much of the good and a very considerable of the bad to be found in all parts of the world, and from the style of his portrait we are inclined to believe that he, at least, once visited the East Indies, for this portrait is painted in water colors on paper pasted on a gauzy cotton cloth, such as was at that time peculiarly the manufacture of that country. He is represented as one fair to behold, with a very pleasing expression, and, as it was then the fashion for boys as well as men to clip the hair and wear a wig, he is thus adorned with one of ample dimensions. His shirt collar, with vest buttoned to the throat and a coat of some light colored material was cut in a manner indicating that he was dressed very nearly in the approved fashion of the present day.—E. M. T.

Queries

7287. LAWTON—Would like name of wife of the first George Lawton; also place of their old home in England; list of children; name of the town in Connecticut to which his son Oliver removed; name of the town in Massachusetts to which he moved later; list of children of Oliver and Anna (Rathbone) Lawton. My ancestress was Rebecca Wellman or Wilman in 1787 in Somerset, Vt.—M. Z. W. L.

7288. SKINNER—Further information wanted on the following: Elizabeth Skinner, m. James Greenfield. Ref. Baltimore Sun Mar. 3 and Oct. 13, 1907.

Elizabeth Skinner sold property on Broad St., Albany, N. Y. 1886, to Rosenberg. Ref. Albany Argus Jan. 14, 1886.

Elizabeth L. Skinner of Windsor, Vt. m. Sept. 7, 1826, Mr. Barrow Stow, Editor of the Columbian Star, pub. in Washington City. Ref. N. Y. Christian Advertiser Sept. 23, 1826.

Elizabeth Skinner m. Edward Walker, d. Aug. 25, 1857. Ref. The Argus Aug. 28, 1857.

Elizabeth Skinner, m. Benjamin Hall, Apr. 23, 1744. Ref. Norton Rec.

Elizabeth Skinner, m. Samuel Swasey Apr. 8, 1768, both of Salem. Ref. Salem Publishments.

Elizabeth Skinner, m. Feb. 10, 1847, Jacob A. Merriam, b. Feb. 28, 1824. Ref. Lowell. Ref. Merriam Gene.

Elizabeth Skinner, b. May 25, 1783, m. James Cox June 18, 1768

Elizabeth Skinner, m. John Grant June 5, 1690, d. July 1695, b. Apr. 24, 1664. Ref. Stiles Anc. Windsor. Col. Fam. of Am.

Elizabeth N. Skinner, m. as 1st h. John Upton, b. Dec. 17, 1808. Ref. Upton Mem.

Elizabeth Skinner, m. Joshua Humphreys of Boston, Feb. 22, 1809. Ref. Woburn Records.

Elizabeth Skinner, m. Abel Mudge. Ref. Lewis Lynn, p. 163.

Elizabeth Skinner ews. 1784, Yorktown, Cortland Manor. Ref. N. Y. Gaz.

Elizabeth Skinner, m. Simeon Briggs Apr. 8, 1818. Ref. Mr. Wood, from Norton Records.

Elizabeth Skinner, b. 1754, m. Feb. 1, 1780, Nathaniel Throop, b. 1756, Sergt. Rev. d. 1829, aged 75. Res. Bethel Vt. Randolph, 1810. He d. 1820, aged 61. Ref. N. Y. Rec. vol. 36.

Elizabeth Skinner m. Feb. 20, 1803, Richard Palmer, both of O. Settlement, m. by Bulkley Emerson Esq. Ref. Me. Bangor Hist. Mag. vol. 1.

Elizabeth Skinner, b. Mass. 1832.

Elizabeth Skinner of Simsbury m. Ezekiel Hoskins abt. 1775. Ref. Stiles' Windsor.

Elizabeth Skinner, m. Fred Halsey of Chowan as 3rd w. 1797, she d. May 17, 1820. He b. May 6, 1759. Ref. Halsey Gene.

7289. HOLMES—An article on Obadiah Holmes in last N. E. Register was read with interest. I have had a suspicion that perhaps this man was the progenitor of Nicholas Humes, who was married first in Boston by Rev. Joseph Sewall, in 1713-4 to Joanna Everton, of the wealthy mariner's family, of Sprague & Co. By her he had two dau.: Joanna and Rachel, who married the bros. Israel and Jeremiah Chillson—of Smithfield, R. I.

Joanna Everton was the dau. of Fownell and Mary (Sprague) Everton; she was dau. of Phineas Sprague, a mariner. Joanna was born Jan. 3, 1689-90, m. Mar. 15, 1713-4. Anson Titus thought that Nicholas might have been a mariner, for all trace seems lost of him, until he is found at Mendon, Mass. with a wife, Margaret——? by whom he had Samuel, b. Jan. 30, 1719-20; Elizabeth, b. Sept. 9, 1721; Richard, b. Mar. 19, 1723-4; Robert, b. —1733?

It would seem that Nicholas must have been of good standing, or he'd not have married into such an old and wealthy family as the Everton's.

The Town Clerk thinks that he came from R. I. to Mendon, Mass. On the records there when land was first given to him his name is spelt "Homes," in Boston "Hymes," but mainly Humes on early records.

The use of the names Samuel and Robert would lead one to think that he might be a descendant of Samuel, or one of the sons of Obadiah Holmes, whose name in Essex Co. was Hulme, and so his father's name is or was Hullme.

Are there any records accessible to show if there was such a son born to one of the sons of Obadiah?

We would be glad to pay for this proof, or the name of the wife of Nicholas—Margaret, the mother of Richard, from whom our family descends.

Old Newport Fires.

The following article from the Newport Historical Magazine, of July, 1882, is of particular interest at this time when big fires have been much under discussion:

From the records of Engine Company No. 1 of Newport we copy the following record of fires in Newport 1749 to 1800. Many of the entries in the first book of records are unique and interesting, as showing the state of the department in those days, and by what rules it was governed. A history of the Fire Department of Newport would be of great value to all interested in Newport's history:

December—, 1749—Ellery's house on the hill.
December—, 1759—Goddard's house on the Point.
February—, 1762—Long wharf.
September 6, 1763—Dillingham's shop.
October 26, 1764—Dr. Stiles' meeting house and Trinity Church, both struck by lightning.
June 7, 1766—Col. Malbone's farm house.
October 1, 1766—Green's sugar house.
June 21, 1770—Green's sugar house.
Dec. 28, 1770—Rodman's and Dennis' house.
Jan. 18, 1771—Lyon's cooper shop Green's sugar house, and sundry other buildings.
August 1, 1771—Cole's tanyard.
February —, 1773 — Nicholas Easton's house.
January 9, 1774—Moor's and Anthony's shop consumed.
Dec. 11, 1787—John Hadwin's store on the Long wharf. Engine out but not worked.
June 29, 1787—David Melvill's pewterer's shop, near Sam Fowler's store.
Oct. 15, 1783—The roof of the house of Ebenezer Richardson, deceased, caught by sparks of fire from Mr. Perry's chimney. The uptown engine played, put out the fire, and returned about 12 o'clock, noon.
Dec. 2, 1789—About four of the clock in the morning, the black-smith's shop of Noah White was burnt down by the charcoal in the shop catching fire.
Jan. 21, 1792—About half-past twelve of the clock in the morning, the bake-house, curry-house, bark, &c., belonging to William Tripp, was consumed, together with the store of Governor Collins, and goods therein of value.
Nov. 17, 1793—About six o'clock this morning, the workshop of Jonathan Southwick, on the Long wharf, burnt down, and very much injured his house and stock. It took fire from some fire being carelessly left after graving a boat in his shop.
Nov. 24, 1795—This day an alarm of fire was made. It was Mr. Frazar's school house in the Church Lane. It was extinguished by some buckets of water being thrown on it in good season.
Aug. 14, 1797—Francis Brinley's ropewalk burned. It took fire by a tar-kettle boiling over.
Dec. 22, 1797—Fire at Job Chaloner's house in the Main street.
Dec. 5, 1798—A fire at blacksmith's shop on Long wharf, occupied by one Underwood, and was consumed, with a sailor by the name of Lewis; and led to the house of Capt. George, which was consumed; and from thence to Mr. John Snaw's, and consumed that, with Mr. Southwick's house. Mr. Southwick's boat-building shop was pulled down.
Oct. 25, 1800—This night the house of Mr. Delaus was burnt to the ground, with the shed that belonged to the friends. A negro woman belonging to Mr. Delaus was burnt to death.

No Satisfaction--No Sale

We have that constantly before us when we try what we sell, some makers even call us fussy, but we think of you not of them, so we take no chances, because we want you to feel by continued experiences that you take no chances when you buy here.

Crawford Ranges

Satisfy so well that Crawford users say, "No other for mine." Made well!. There's one in use today in Newport that was built in 1867 and the owner cannot be induced to part with it even for an improved pattern.

Its economy of fuel is a fact long ago established and its pefect working under all sorts of conditions is a topic of conversation among housewives. If you're inexperienced ask a neighbor who has one—the lady next door in all probability. Or, look the others over then let us demonstrate.

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"I WISH you would get a glazier to come up and set that pane of glass the children broke yesterday. The house is as cold as a barn," said the suburban housewife, as her husband was about to go to business.

"Haven't got the time this morning," replied her husband." Just look in the Telephone Directory—you'll find several there. "Give the order to the one who says he will send a man right up."

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The easily accessible and most popular resorts of Southern New England are mentioned in this book—places where you can enjoy a most delightful vacation at very moderate cost.

Write today for a copy. Address Advertising Bureau, Room 728, South Station, Boston.

SHINBONE GRAFTED ON PATIENT'S SPINE

Operation Prevents Man From Becoming a Hunchback

Salem, Mass., Feb. 7.—One of the most delicate operations ever undertaken in eastern Massachusetts was successfully performed by Dr. Harvey F. Newhall, who grafted a piece of shinbone on to the spinal column of a man suffering from tuberculosis of the spine, which threatened to make him a hunchback. The operation was performed at the Salem hospital.

According to Newhall, the spinous processes of the vertebrae above and below the site of the disease are split longitudinally and a piece of bone taken from the shin is grafted into the groove made by the splitting of these processes. The grafting is then closed over by the "kangaroo tendon."

The piece of bone lives and makes a solid bone splint down the back over the point of disease, thus preventing the knuckle from growing out and forming the "hump."

In this case the piece of shinbone used was taken from the patient. It is said this will not in any way cripple him.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, February 5th, 1913.

Estate of Annie Mead.

REQUEST in writing is made by George H. Mead, of said Newport, son of Annie Mead late of said Newport, deceased intestate, that he, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the twenty fourth day of February instant, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.
DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.
2-8-3w

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.

Newport, February 5th, 1913.
THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Guardian of the person and estate of NELLA W. HARTSHORN, of full age, of said Newport, and has given bond according to law.
All persons having claims against said ward are notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.
A. LIVINGSTON MASON.
2-8-3w

DONKEY TO REAPPEAR

Will Head Young Men's Democratic Club in Inaugural Parade

Washington, Feb. 7.—Preparations for the inaugural ceremonies are moving swiftly to completion. The inaugural committee yesterday appropriated $21,000 for the reviewing stand at Lafayette square and the president's stand in front of the White House.

A feature of the parade that has not been in evidence since the inauguration of Grover Cleveland will be a donkey. The animal will march at the head of the Young Men's Democratic club of Washington.

Fourteen Drown in Wreck

Yazoo City, Miss., Feb. 7.—Fourteen of the crew of the tugboat Monarch were drowned when the vessel struck a submerged snag in Tehula lake and sank.

Lincoln Day.

Next Wednesday will be the 104th anniversary of the birth of President Lincoln. In twenty two states of the union that day is a legal holiday. It is not a legal holiday in Rhode Island but the day will be observed in the schools of the State and in many other places. The General Assembly have arranged to devote the session of that day to Eulogies on the late Congressman George H. Utter. Lincoln's famous Gettysburg address is worthily being repeated each year in every paper published in the land. We give it here:

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Motorton That second-hand runabout that Dunn bought a month ago exploded and burned up last night.

Chugley What was the immediate cause?

Motorton Dunn says it was a clear case of self-destruction due to worry brought on by automotor ataxia!

"Mrs. Jipes, I think I have heard you say you have a cousin in the regular army. He is an officer, I presume?"

"Yes, he holds some responsible position, but I don't exactly know the nature of it. When he wrote to me last he said he was in the guardhouse—whatever that is."—Chicago Tribune.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I. January 20, A. D. 1913.

Estate of Sarah C. Coggeshall.

HARRIET B. CHASE, the Guardian of the person and estate of Sarah C. Coggeshall, a person of full age, presents to this Court her petition in writing, representing that her said ward is seized and possessed in her own right and in fee simple, of an undivided eighth part and interest in a certain parcel or tract of land with the improvements thereon, containing four and one-half acres, more or less, situated in said Middletown, and bounded Northerly, on land of Harriet B. Chase; Easterly, on the West Main Road; Southerly, on land of Martha B. Chase and others; and Westerly, on land of Joshua Coggeshall and others, and that it would be to the advantage and benefit of her said ward to sell her part and interest in said tract of land and make other investment of the proceeds of sale, and praying this Court to authorize, license and empower her to sell, at private sale, all the right, title and interest of the said Sarah C. Coggeshall, in and to said tract of land, to convey the same to the purchaser or purchasers thereof, and invest the proceeds of sale in some other property allowed by law.

It is ordered that said petition be referred for consideration to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the seventeenth day of February next, A. D. 1913, at one o'clock p. m. and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the Newport Mercury.
ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.
1-25-4w

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATINS.

Newport, Sc. Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, Newport, January 4, 1912.

WHEREAS, Martha M. Pierce, of the City of Newport in the County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, has filed in this office her petition praying for a divorce from the bond of marriage now existing between the said Martha M. Pierce and Bertram C. Pierce, now in parts to the said Martha M. Pierce unknown, on which said petition an order of notice has been entered:

Notice is therefore hereby given to the said Bertram C. Pierce of the pendency of said petition and that he shall appear, if he shall see fit, at the Superior Court to be holden at the Court House in Newport within and for the County Newport on the third Monday of February, A. D. 1913, then and there to respond to said petition.
SYDNEY D. HARVEY, Clerk.
1-1-6w.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

Newport, Sc. Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, Newport, January 4, 1912.

WHEREAS, Catheryn A. Couch, of the City of Newport in the County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, has filed in this office her petition praying for a divorce from the bond of marriage now existing between the said Catheryn A. Couch and Stephen Couch, now in parts to the said Catheryn A. Couch unknown, on which said petition an order of notice has been entered:

Notice is therefore hereby given to the said Stephen Couch of the pendency of said petition, and that he shall appear, if he shall see fit, at the Superior Court to be holden at the Court House in Newport, within and for the County of Newport, on the third Monday of February, A. D. 1913, then and there to respond to said petition.
SYDNEY D. HARVEY, Clerk.
1-1-6w

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BUNKER BEAN,
By Harry Leon Wilson.
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By Milton C. Work.
Also a Great Variety of Valentines at
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Practice won't bother them they WILL ENJOY LEARNING TO PLAY if you buy them ones of the world famous

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The Rowe Sanitary Lavatory is complete in itself. Nothing to break, nothing to rust, nothing to get out of order. Quickly set up, goes in any part of the room, can't slop over may be moved from place to place.

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Notice to Automobilists

Commencing June 1st, the office of the State Board of Public Roads, Automobile Department, State House, Providence, R. I., will be open for business between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., Saturdays excepted, until further notice.

STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS

AUTOMOBILE DEPARTMENT.

GEORGE R. WELLINGTON, Clerk.
6-15

Teacher—Willie, give me a sentence in which the term hook and eye is used. Willie—Me an' pa went fishin'. Pa told me t' bait me hook an' I did.—Baltimore American.